

**SM5D**



OL LANGS  
**9**  
TO YOU MISSUS  
**50P**

THE EDITOR GUARANTEES THAT THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING ZINES YOU'VE EVER READ!

The SOD-STICK in Da PUDDING BOWL of ZINE-VILLE!!

# SKATE MUTIES

## FROM THE 5<sup>TH</sup> DIMENSION

THEY CAME FROM OUTER SPACE TO DESTROY HEROES!

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS



THE EDITOR GUARANTEES THAT THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING ZINES YOU'VE EVER READ!

BEAND 89★

# SKATE BRATS MUST DIE!!!

two arms, one eye, and a mouth that spat

# THE MARK OF

# IT'S PORN!

**WE ONLY SELL PORN,  
PORN IS ALL WE WANT TO SELL.**



# MUTIE

**STRONG AND ROBUST QUALITY**

BIRTH! SCHOOL! SKATE! RIP THE KIDS OFF AND MAKE A FAT PILE OF CASH! DEATH?...Swindle ahoj!!! It's the end of the world as you know it and we feel FUCKING A! Yep, "S.M.S.D" the glamour puss of ALL fanzines, eventually hammers it on the BONCE with this issue and HAMMERS a well needed RUSTY NAIL into the bloated CORPSE of credible skateboarding. WHY?! It's all turned to SHITZEN you chowder heads, thats soddin well why!

Two year back - when Mutie first spurted onto the scene - skatin' was UNDERGROUND, VITAL and FRESH, practised only by the terminally stupid or the thick skulled FANATIC. Now it's dribbled and dived into full scale MEDIA DEBAUCHERY (with as much credibility as B.M.X'ers), it's time to scoot the bastard boot and SCUTTER the good ship MUTIE while she's still full'o' steam and barking mad!! Big MALARKY it surely was. In two years we PROVED that zines from the scuzzier sides of the tracks,

need not just be Ass licking photocopied DROSS and that when it comes down to it, YOU prefer a whacking good pистake to vomit inducing NICEY NICEY praise! Course not wishing to drop kick a gifted horse in the gob, this summer we return with a 64 PAGE monstrous bastard, MUTIES GREATEST HITS! So till then WAKE UP!! Sniff the COFFEE and believe no one except us... Gloatingly yours, THE MUTANT SQUADRON

LISTEN TO DA SOUND OF THE BIG BONE (DAF! A DONG OR A MONG, THEY'LL SUIT ME BOTH!



## FloG Muties for CASH!!

Yes VOTER! You too can hassle a total stranger at gigs when you empty a Tesco bag fulla "S.M.S.D" and fill it with readies! Simply consult the hideously complex table below, send ya pennies to us and we'll pop a throbber load of copies off to you. Gads! We even cough up the postage.  
10 - 25 COPIES JUST 40p EACH MISSUS  
OVER 25 COPIES A MERE 35p PER UNIT!  
PAYMENT details? Get ye to the back page!!

## PUKKA DUDES AND INVENTORS OF THE RUDES

LUXURY FOAM UNDERLAY THAT READ I'M STILL ALIVE--TAKING INSIDE--INSIDE OF WHAT?



CLIT-HOPPER HACKENBUSH  
GUNGA DIN-DIN JO  
SLAP HEAD VON CHAOS  
FINCHLEY "CYSTITIS" FACE  
COLBOLT STAR DOUBLE GLAZER  
POKE "BOY" CARR  
RICHIE HOLD ME NUTS  
BEANO FAGS-OR-LONGUNS  
BRUMMER MONG JOHN  
ELVIS (IN FULL VEGAS KIT)

## ADVERTISE OR DEMISE!



ACTHUNG! TO those who know which side their scone is buttered on. We're now taking bookings for AD space in "MUTIES GREATEST HITS". A print run of 13,000 is envisaged and MAN!! is the rates cheap! For big details on prices, deadlines and page sizes contact "MIKE" by phone or letter NOWSVILLE!!!

## A BIG SOPPY "TA!" TO THOSE WHO'VE MADE US WHAT WE IS.

The stout ones at the DRAKE FELLOWSHIP  
All crumbly hippies of SELF HELP  
Diamond Geezers at ECONOMIC PRINTING  
Ruth and the amazing PRINT PROJECT  
and all the numerous jolly old RELATIVES

I SEE LONDON! I SEE FRANCE!  
I SEE MONGOOSE IN UNDERPANTS!!

## WHAT I'LL DO TO GET A RISE

WARNING! BLATANT TEA LEAFING FROM THIS ZINE COULD SERIOUSLY DAMAGE WHAT LITTLE CREATIVITY YOU HAVE. DON'T BE AN UNINSPIRED BUFFOON AND MAKE YA OWN WOOFLE UP.

**S.M.S.D** 6 Dean Lane, Southville Bristol BS3 1df FOR FETISH INFO PHONE 0272 638 758



**MOSHING**

MUTIES CALL FOR "RUSHDIE"

## STYLE HATE VENDETTA!

Calls for the brutal-izing of top EXECs came recently from the "SKATE MUTIES" camp in a furious BLOOD FEUD over so called "BLASPHEMOUS" leisure wear articles on sale in top high street shop "CONCEPT MAN". The self style "MUTANTS" claim that the chain-store

BLUE RUIN RUMOUR MONGERS!!

last shit STIRRING "cock-a-hoop" of Kosher malicious gossip! A saddened day for truth seekers but no doubt PARTY TIME for the fraudster egos of Music makers and skate celeb LIBERTY TAKERS...Seeing aa this is the final conflict, so to speak, we've juggled around with the layout to cram in enough SIN filled facts to turn ya curly locks to pencil lead! So plough on duffers and remember where 'twas read - Numero uno!!

## X-RAY DELIGHT

SKATE PRO IN THE SLAM JAM!

DOGTOWN dweller and all round hoodlum **JESSE-  
"UZI WEIGHS A TON" MARTINEZ** is once again  
banged up in a Californian State Penitentiary.  
After taking part in a particularly grizzly  
"slice and dice" gang diapute, "Scarface"  
Martinez looks set not to grace any transitions  
for at least **NINE MONTHS**....Unfortunate  
news for those with a grain of senae is  
that skate cash-in merchants "**THE STUPIDS**"  
look set to make a -oh-my-giddy-aunt-COME BACK  
with a **SLIMMED** down **TOMMY-"CREAM BUN"-STUPID**  
at the helm....No doubt brandishing a drum  
stick in one hand and a diet coke in the

other... There are in fact only two registered STRAIGHT EDGERS in the U.K... Following in the fashion of BJLL-"mighty mouse"-DANFORTH and SEAN "aultry" GOFF having TATTOOS of their deck graphics done on their bronzed bods, does this mean an "ALL COPPERS ARE BASTARDS" deck from NEIL "I did it when I was pissed" LANS?.... Staying alcoholic.... Bleach boy NATAS KAUPAS once bought two pinta of lager,

will tell how he despises the BONES  
BRIGADE, THEN FONDLE ANY large chested  
DAMES handy and minutes later PASS OUT in  
a drunken heap... A game for all the family  
eh?... NAPALM 'N' No tunes please, we're  
British"-DEATH, a snake-in-da-grass informs

THRASH HAIRIES IN SELLOUT EXPOSE!

us, were paid a walloping SIX times as much as any other sod at their abhominable "It's gonna be filmed for SNUB TV so lets show up" London Show... Meanwhile at the foot of Britcore Division One, "Right On" comrades DOOM were heard to utter the HASTILY withdrawn retort "We does benefit gigs for thirty quid, a bag of crisps and

"A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR SUCH NATIONAL EXPOSURE!" SAYS OUR CHIEF ACCOUNTANT **KEEP ON TV**

has ripped off to fxxk" the controversial trade mark "PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE" for use on their poor quality fashion t-shirts. "We urge Britain's youth to physically assault "CONCEPT MAN"'s employees repeatedly, blow your hooter in the offending rags and generally cause a right royal rumpus".

announced a MUTIE rep. to passersbys following a HEAVY afternoon drinking session. When approached, a spokesman for the store under fire, was happy to comment, but in the interest of encouraging sickening physical violence we decided not to publish it.

SNOGGERS TUMBLE  
FROM THE SKY!!  
BUT I JUST SLICE  
FUR PIE!

**BIGGEST NEWS IN 185 YEARS...**

a hand job off the promoter's missus"...  
One of **EXTREME NOISE TERROR** is a bloody  
tree **SURGEON**... The vocal abuser of  
**CONCRETE SOX** has the skeleton of an ex-  
career as a **PORNO SHOP** assistant rattling  
around with the **LEATHER GEAR** in his closet.

**MAG MAGNETS IN SLUR RAP!**

That mag who throws big bucks at us Muties for scribbling stick men, "SKATEBOARD" is in the big shit with those FUDDY DUDDIES at the PRESS "Heil Hitler" ASSOCIATION and now has to xxxx all fuckie and poohie type language. WHY!! It seems arch rivals "SKATE-slave labour-ACTION" have been letting their corpulent fingers do the walking to "INFORM" various magazine wholesalers that they are in fact "MR DIS-GUSTED OF BARNET" and that little Johnny had small pox or aummin after reading "SKATEBOARD" ...Brutal revenge is hopefully in the pipeline.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH!

## BRIT BAND IN BRIBE PICKLE!

all the time cos everyone here thinks we'a crap-GATORS"; recently, to their cr

PLEASE TO BE GOSSIPING ME UPOR SHOW US YA PECKER...

OLD RUDDLES BLADDER-NOGGIN

cost, overlooked the fact that a certain MUTIE had been SACKED by the N.M.E. (too many "Macc Ladds are god!" reviews...) The deluded northerners offered him an ALL EXPENSES PAID trip to Berlin in return for a "favourable" review in the said rag... God head IAN MCKAYE, closely guarded secret is that back in his pill-popping, beer-...



LOCAL FOCAL ON...

# YOKEL

## SPACE HOPPER IN FOOT PUMP MERCY DASH DILEMMA!

boy days, the ghostly apparition of ELVIS PRESLEY appeared before him (in full Vegas kit!) warning him of the evils of sleaze... as living and to go tell the kids the error of their ways!...Madder than a march here just don't come into it!... For some unknown reason TONY ALVA always smells of something akin to fresh haddock...



## FAITH IN YOUR PRODUCT...DEPT. 1

tham on a fuckin' pitch fork than sit through them again" was SHANE from MANIC "beers all around, I'm loaded" EARS response after seeing for the first time the TOTALLY hopeless... but v.trendy INTENSE DEGREE who he'd just signed for an undisclosed figure that very same day. DEPT 2 "VIRGIN are behind them all the wny" said a vnstly cynical chap... in-da-know on finding out that the said mega corp had churned out 3,000 CARDBOARD- "baseball-caps-resembling-morc-a-deflated-CHEFS-hat" as chessey promotional items for H.C. rockers NAKED RAYGUN, their latest

I'M A ROTTEN SINNER  
- I NEED THIS

THE HEAVENLY AND EARTHLY



all BOOBIES!! Prepare the spare room for MR. JEALOUS BASTARD all non-Bristolians as we've got our very own INDOOR LUXURY SKATE PARK! It's "on-ya-bike" to rain, snowdrifta and peasant weather as ROLLERMANTA skate suppliers to those brighter than a brain pie pull a huge WAREHOUSE outta the happy hat. Due to be opened (...No doubt by Gary Wilmot) in early MAY it boasts cunningly crafted BANKS, HALF PIPES, SUBMARINES etc. All to be abused for a handful of coppers. Also chucked in will be an area for spanmy gigs, a SKATE SHOP and a hang-out-for-skate-urchins CAFE. Run by various, paid drop-outs, the location being CANNONS MARSH...Be there or stay on odious loner forever.

## MANS HAT BLOWS OFF IN SWINDON TRAGEDY!!

signing. The big pooch for those wanting a good gloat at the yanks expense, is that the scrotum biters at VIRGIN have gone and bloody incinerated the whole lot!... DR AND THE CRIPPLINS bassist used to have gainful employment at HINKLEY POWER STATION which should piss their hapless skin heater off mainly cos he used to "beat off" for legendary grim heads DIS"two monstrous nuclear stockpiles"CHARGE...S.M.S.D stole their entire graphic chop up approach lock, stock and barrel from a two-bit-one-horse U.S zine called "SICK TEEN"...TOSS



Kronstadt  
★ club ★

BOX K-C  
37 STOKES CROFT  
BRISTOL BS2

## LONDON LADDIES IN "LEG

## UP THE LADDER" LARK!

I OFF IN THE BOG" is the working title for those carrot munching has-beans CHAOS UK's new LP... Heavily plugged cockney Acid louts JESUS "not hype?" JONES have got it into their noggins that wearing "SKATE FOR THE BABY JESUS" badges plus scribing that heartfelt message onto their latest 12" piece of monotony, will add some much needed "UMMPH..." to their shoddy image... nice try bimbos, but the kids still HATE you... DINOSAUR JNR are lesbians... Thumbs ALORT! to SI HARRISON, the completely CUCKOO artist for splattering "SKATE MUTIES" around his 2,000 AD "toon strip "SCROTUM DOG"! Hero-of-the-masses award to "ee and watch ya backs for a HUGE-ON feature he's just completed with a MUTIE boy and STEVEN "Lardie cake" WELLS for the N.M.E... An inkling of a grotesque future may hap?.. That's the limit for RAW BONED mockery this run so till we're called to turn the stones and see the crabs of celeb deceit scuttling for cover a Freakin NO HAR FAREWELL!!



The organization that whacks two fingers up the nose of money grubbing FAT HEAD promoters. is in fine dungaree splitting form of late. Bristol based, the K.CLUB puts on a stonking array of no-nonsense GIGS, up tempo NIGHT CLUBS and raging PARTIES all at a stupidly low price with no "Bnhoos-thinly-disguised-as-door-staff" types. Totally lacking in Yuppie "cash-pile" values, all monies made go towards subsidized shows or well worthy causes. Pop along to any Club happen- ing for greater info, get hot, beery and bothered enough to shake your anus and get involved

## Events-U-Like!

- MAY 4 FALSE PROPHETS (US) + JOYCE MC. KINNEY EXPERIENCE - THE TROPIC CLUB, Stokes CROFT - NINE TILL LATE-
- MAY 10 NAKED RAYGUN (US) + LOWBOY KILLERS - THE CRYPT CLUB - CORONATION RD - 8-12 (ISH)
- JUNE 1 NO MEANS NO (US) + TOKEN ENTRY - NO FOR AN ANSWER - THE THEKLA - 7-LATE
- MAY 29 SKATE THRASH FESTIVAL - LOADS BANDS, STALLS, ALL FREE! - BEDMINSTER SKATE PARK



All shows are 99% certain but do check before travelling bloody miles... Coming soon CRUCIAL YOUTH, GAUZE, PUNKS PICNIC! (22nd July)...Phone 0272 638758 for more details

It's young, toffee-arsed scum like. you what gives this

DUNKIN' BOUGH NUTS OF DA WORLD UNITE! COVER ME WIV YA GREASY FILLINGS + SQUIDGE ALL NIGHT



# QUIZ!

## STAR TREK VULCAN EARS

Harshly edited highlights of the runners up are... "Does The headband hide my lobotomy scar?" and "LOOK AT the smug expression on Hawks face. wonder what he's doing with his hands" from mildly amusing **MARTIN** of salty old **PLYMOUTH**... "We're five young sprogs, in vision togs, we ain't punk rockers, but we sure want space hoppers" by semi-literate **JAMIE** of busty **BRISTOL**... Both receive low quality t-shirts for their half assed efforts... And a special prize for the terminally useless goes to rock-fer-brains **RICHARD** of windy **YORKSHIRE** we'll spare you the details but stuff like "HELLO GIRLIES, show us your knickers. I wanna get down and lick those kippers!" certainly gets the wooden spoon of deep shame so we say!!

WELL!

a bad name!

**WELL! WELL!** Aren't you a bunch of cunning linguists.. We don't **BLOODY** think! Ish 8's comp. to "SPEECH BUBBLE UP THE CELEBS" got a steamroller of a response, the postie was dragged out for a week etc. But by the anal hairs of Cliff Richard were they **GOB SHITE!** Tut, tut, tres poor effort and you all should attend written japey classes **PRONTO!** Still we managed to salvage four winners from a swirling cesspit of mediocrity and the winner of the "BLOODY KIDS" and "VICAR PRINT" T-shirts is young **RUDIE** from **BELFAST** with a below brain dangerous answer.

With your host 2...  
21 TON ARMY TRUCK  
MOM! MOM! MOM! COME QUICK! THE CATS TAKING HER IN AGAIN!!

I GOTTA MATINAL CARPENTRY!

PLEASE TONY, STOP WITH THE RUBBISH! GET YA HANDS OFF MY NOSE!!

HI MUM! HI DAD! YOU SEE ME ON DA PICTURE?

NO SCARPE GOOSE I WILL BE WITH THE BOOD OF BABY LAMB I SPIKE THEE TEA!!

MY MUCOSE ARE LIKE RINDY AUTUMN CROCUS...OR LIKE A PIVOTANT CONIFER!

I NOT TALL! BUT BETTER A LITTLE ONE WHICH WRIGGLE THAN A LARGE ONE WHICH SLEEP.

MUTIE BOYZ I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!! THEY MOLEST ZE TREES, ZEN FEED ME SAND!!

21 INCHES OF BRUTE!

GET YA TITS IN THE LAMBS!



So playmates, this time we take the pressure off your brain boxes and ask only a few pimsy spotting tasks! Drawn very badly ABOVE are three everyday household layout which are ridiculously overpaid layout (ie blind- (about) team have "cunningly" (ie blind- obviously) have hidden in various quantities about the magazine!

**FIRST PRIZE** will be TWO whole **MUTIE SKATEBOARDS**!! Basically becous we hate skateboarding these days and can't wait to see the back of the spastic planks.

**SECOND PRIZE** are copies of **MANIC EARS** romping good "NORTH ATLANTIC NOISE ATTACK" compilation LP. **THIRD PRIZE** is TWO copies of the LP!! (No mum! Only joking!! It's a night in the sack with a prostitute of your choice really!!)

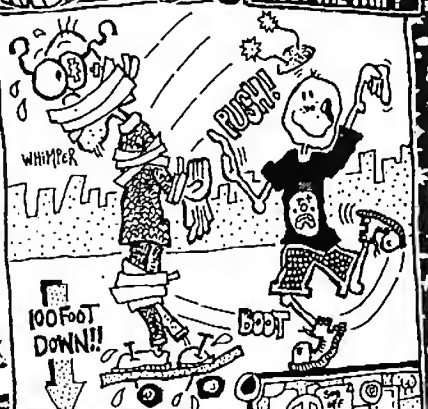
**RULES** Entries must reach Mutie Manors by **MAY 30th**... The editors decision is biased. Only one entry per brain cell... No employees of the "MUTIE CORP" may enter as it's all a fix and they win anyway..

But the skateboard craze didn't last.

KNEE JERK LIBERAL'S ALWAYS GIVING YA JIPE?

AND WE'RE ONE-DIMENSIONAL! I FEEL ALL WOBBLEY!

**RADICAL** INVITE THEM UP TO ENJOY THE TRIP!



I don't know nothing - I like looking at more than a dead pig.

If anyone resists, subdue him and administer **KEITH CHEGWIN FANTASY**



**Wise UP**

**The "STREET SUSS" EncycLOPeDiA**

A phenomenon!! A monster in it's own piss-stained underpants!!! It's the new terror Britannia. But wot gives, eh? Just who are the mystery men behind the music? What **IS** their sinister lingo, their secret "code words"??? Our resident "teen" experts have been peering at the massive swollen undercurrent of the new "street beat" and have rustled up the definitive guide thru the shady groves of the new noise maze!!!

**THE "SCENE"** Bands, zines, punters, pimps and good time girls, in fact the whole caboodle. Moany bastards (usually from the northern wastes) constantly rattle on about how "the scene" is being destroyed by money, songs being too fast and too much bitch-songs being too fast and too much bitch-songs being too fast and too much bitch-songs being too fast and too much bitch-songs being too fast and too much bitch-songs being too fast and too much bitch-selves.

**THRASH** Once used to describe the way some talent lacking clown would attack his guitar but now more commonly used as a poor quality label for all things fast'n'faggy. With this wonderfully generic pigeon-hole you can encompass Napalm Death and Sonic Youth in the same breath. So making it pretty fucking useless terminology in fact.

**HARDCORE** Pornography with oodles of fucking and sucking, usually supplied by those aexy Scandies... Sometimes foolishly applied as a tag for yankee punk music.

**GRINDCORE** If you worship nonsense Heavy Metal bands, like whacking out 30 minute long songs with wind down riffs and useless guitar wanking, plus crave to be "hip" and have journals licking your scrotum, call yourself Grind Core.

**GRUNGE CORE** Much the same as above with absolutely zero musical skill and unwashed underwear.

**MOSH** What can be loosely (... and laughably) be described as a dance. When the band get pisaed off/knackered with playing stupidly fast, they'll do a slow or "mosh" bit. This is the cue for all and sundry in the "pit" (ie the bit in front of the stage) to stomp around like discount red indians in



FOR CHRIST SAKE! LOOK! MUPPETS ON MOTORBIKES ALL DRIPPING WITH CHOD!

a large anti-clockwizw circle. Punters have been known to pass out from excesses moshing to hideously crap bands who never speed up. It all sounds like a great deal of fun, but it isn't....

**STAGE DIVE** A particularly grizzly form of showing off. Whereby some egocentric piss head scrambles on stage, knocks the guitarist flying, grabs hold of the singer and shakes him a bit, then launches himself vaguely at the crowd, in the hope that they're willing to catch him. Unpopular "divers" often end up with multiple head wounds.

**STRAIGHT EDGER** A sad, laughable individual who has vetoed all the fun things in life like booze, shagging and heavy drugs for...



**SEXUALLY CONFUSED LESBIANS** got Dad down to it!



ahem... "Positive" lifestyle, dedicated to forming 10 pence thrash bands, frowning a great deal and pretending to come from Manhattan. Although doomed to failure over here (mainly 'cos most brits are hopelessly addicted to the bottle) straight edge is a frighteningly huge in the more un-hip parts of yank land.

**DEATH** A vital component is the imagery of Brit Core. Songs about millions of mutilated corpses lying around making the place look untidy and Beelzebub reaping a few souls are perennial faves with most morbid bastard thrashers. LP's with blooddrenched skulls or some poor fellow having his head blown up on the cover have been scientifically proven to shift more units.

**ANARCHY** A fearsome religious cult many Brit core fans indulge in heavily. Extensive research shows that "Anarchees" are forced to eat dreadful vegetarian food, smoke cheap roll-ups, get pissed and moan about the state of the nation and go about

That there's the best dead pig in the whole world



# HELP TO SUPPORT THIS

THE WHITE GILBERT

# WEAR PADDED BRAS

overthrowing the Government by kicking in the headlights of expensive motors. The more extremist version is known "CRASSTAFARIANISM" Crass being a group of forest dwelling mystics from the distant past. Their followers support the compulsory wearing of dreadlocks, owning a crap dog and living in a broken down bus on a motorway siding in Wales.

MAGAZINE

CAN YOU HEAR OR SOUND OF THE ENORMOUS FIRE WINQUISHER. A FIRE EXTINGUISHING FIRES IN THE DEPTHS OF HELL!

JUNIOR! GIVE ME THAT EGG!

I LIKE PUNK! AND I LIKE SHAM! I GOT NICKED FOR SEXING SPAN!!

of appreciation, a greeting call or a philosophical statement. (ie I roar like a drunken baboon, therefore I'm big, butch and of low intelligence.

RAW As in the verb "To Be"... A band who are a bunch of under-rehearsed, clueless layabouts are NOT described as "complete shite" but "raw and uncompromising".

KENNETH NOSTRILS

KIPPER TIE Sod all to do with BRIT CORE, but we feel the compulsory wearing of kipper style neck apparel would promote love, happiness and bottom touching in "scene".

LET'S HAVE A BANANA

So there you have it in a dinky little skull shaped nut shell. Next issue "STREET SUSS" investigates the ominous connections between Heavy Metal, suppressed homo-sexual tendencies and the price of eggs.

FIRE RESISTANT BEANS

TORSO TREATS AHoy!

CRUSTIE As in breed of "BritCore" fan. The "Crusties" are the ones who threaten you with menace (and bad breath) for 10p's outside gigs, inside "sip" (ie 90% at least) of your pint, then promptly fall asleep in the hall, waking only to dance around like drugged trolls to the encore. Although constantly whinging about the government, beer prices,

its for REAL! kosher S.M.S.D.

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harmless to children! Featuring

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- \*Knee length with Pockets
- \*Designer label PLUS your very own 'Shorts Owner' badge
- \*Black print on Green, Pink or Blue (State 2nd choice)

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TOUGH AS BOOTS MATE!!

Talk to God

Limited Stock

HUBBA HUBBA! THE KING IS DEAD, BUT SHED NO TEAR!! FOR HE WAS RISEN IN FULLER EASTER BUNNY GEAR!!



GOHARR!! ITS THOSE

**BLOODY KIDS**

the weather, etc, the Crustie certainly adds an earthy quality to the "scene".

SELL OUT CAPITALIST PIG DOG

Anyone who makes more than three pence from flogging records or making a racket. An excessively prevalent attitude in "BRIT CORE" mainly due to the fact that the average john is insanely jealous of anyone remotely successful.

RECORD CONTRACT Unheard of in the "gentlemen's agreement" world of Hardcore. A "right on" record label will usually get a band legless, promise them a 50/50 "deal", then when it's time to cough up the ackers, lie like fuck about cash flow, market forces, the dog ate my homework etc, and not pay the hapless muso's a penny.

A TURKEY OF A LAUGH

ARRRRGH! The warcy of the BRIT CORE movement. Shouted at the top of ones voice at every opportunity - it can be a sign

THIS NEWS WILL ROT YOUR TEETH...

THAT BLOODY SHIRT

SPECIAL OFFER THING TO MUTIE MUNGERS You too can ride high, be in the "suss" and generally have a beano of a chest cover! Grab ya self a "GRRR! THOSE BLOODY KIDS" T-shirts (M,L and XL.) thru us and we get the cash not those evil cash barons "SKATEBOARD!"...Send a mere £6.75 to ADVANCED (BOX MUTIE), P.O.

Box 14. MIDDLEWICH, CHESHIRE, CW10. 005...Cheques to "ADVANCED PUBLISHING"!

★TOP TEN REASONS TO GIVE UP SKATING★

- \* BECAUSE ALL SAFETY GEAR IS IN FACT MANUFACTURED IN SOUTH AFRICA
- \* PRINCE CHARLIE HAS A GO AT IT SOMETIMES
- \* THERES NO SHAGGING TO BE HAD
- \* EVERY TASTELESS LITTLE SHIT HAS A DECK
- \* THE PUBS ARE NOW OPEN ALL DAY
- \* ALL US PROS ARE REGISTERED HOMOSEXUALS
- \* TESTS PROVE IT GIVES YOU RICKETS
- \* WEARING SHORTS IS FOR BUMMERS
- \* YOU LOSE YOUR HARD EARNED BEERGUT
- \* THERES NO MORE MONEY IN CHURNING OUT CASH IN PANZINES TO SUCKERS LIKE YOU

Comic WITHOUT HUMOUR

Comic WITH OUT SENSE

Comic WITHOUT HEROES

Comic WITH AN END THAT'S A LIE

THE END

DVD 89

KEEP YOUR

GARDEN FREE FROM DOG MESS

Purple "loons" and a fake-fur trimmed anorak

I could tell straight away that he had a cock on him that'd make any woman want to spread out and SHUNT!

FUCK OFF  
YOU STINK  
OF PISS!

# WHAT THE DICKENS!



Use With  
Horror  
Record

# WHAT THE DICKENS!

JUST YA  
WHY TELL  
THE MEN  
GET HERE!  
JUST YA  
WAIT!

They Send us Records!  
We Get to Play Frisbees!

It ain't nuthin' but a dead pig

Gather yourself three completely self  
opinionated MUTIES, a pile of platters  
and a crate of "Scrutstocks Old Peculiar"  
stir well with some sheer malice and you  
get this issues' round up of stinking hot  
vinyl... **A TOUCH OF TRUNCHEON**

**ANHREFN - "Bwrw Cwrw"**

**SLAPHEAD** The title could well be "BREW  
CREW" in real language, y'know.  
**CLITHOPPER** Nice cover with some wickedly  
ugly heads depicted...  
**LONG'UN** Not "uglyheads" pleb! They're  
proud welsh folk, gnarled by a life-  
time down "pit"!!

CH Yeah, fruity punky skank sounds,  
quite a little sweetie.  
SH A modern day CLASH with a "welcome-in-  
the-hillside" out-look.  
L Must say their JOHN PEEL stuff's grander.  
This sounds over produced by that looney  
MAD PROFESSOR, musta cost them a fair  
wedge, was it worth it?  
(WORKERS PLAY TIME U.K.)

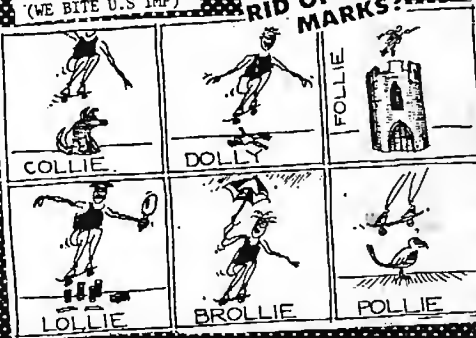
**DAGNASTY - "Field Day"**

L Thrice as poppy and grown up as their  
last LP...They grow on you after 4 or so  
plays, lyrics first then the tunes.  
CH Fe.l sorry for the clueless who buy  
this expecting big bad H.C and copping

rock-u-hate instead.  
S Malcolm OWEN would revolve in his grave  
at the "RUDE BOYS" cover version and the  
singer seems to want that moany sod  
"Mary Chain" style. PAH!!

CH A Sunday afternoon-after-a-hangover  
LP.  
(WE BITE U.S IMP)

HOW CAN I GET  
RID OF STRETCH  
MARKS?



BUCKET  
HEAD  
GONKIN!!  
SHOO!!

NO!!!  
YOU'RE LYING!  
YOU'RE UN-  
AMERICAN!  
YOU'RE A  
COMMUNIST!

FUCK HE-MAN  
+ ALL THE  
MUPPETS... GIMM  
THE RAW SEX  
APPEAL OF  
RAINBOW PUPPETS

IF I TOLD THEM THE INJURY  
WAS CAUSED BY THE  
BALLOON, THEY'D SAY IT WAS  
MAOI!

GRAB!

# STRETCH HEAD

"Five Finger, A Thumb"

SH Gets the stomach churning award for  
the charred remains of mutated feet  
photos.

CH MMM...It's a bit "Forward", howling  
drugged up thrash.

L By gads, it sounds like DISORDER back  
from the grave.

SH Bollocking good rant'n'noise with a  
sense of humour, which is sorely lacking  
in most other stuff... A bit "JOHN PEEL" in  
mind.

L The musical equivalent of being pecked  
to death by a million frenzied crows.  
(MORSHA U.K.)

# EXTREME NOISE TERROR

"Head Eruptions"

SH Oh, LA; LA! a "stylus fucker production"  
CH Well ain't it all sorta Anti-sectie 1984  
anarchic gunby punk.

L Very "songs from the slave pit of hell",  
all wallings and gnashings of guitar mess.

CH Yes, the twin vocals of "Sgt. Throat  
Cancer" and "Donald Duck" are in fine  
form again.

L Good record for sitting on the porch to,  
and annoying passersby - granny frighten-  
ing music!  
(Head Eruptions Rec.)

**AXE GRINDER "Serpent Men"**

CH (Looking at the sleeve) Ain't they  
pretty! Wouldn't throw 'em outta my bed...  
SH We wanna be ONSLAUGHT, but we're too  
pretty!

L No boring "thanks" list for a change,  
instead a huge ten pence skull drawn by

# ERGOT

Here's a quickie to tell ya' about whats  
going on....

**ERGOT RECORD** is a legitimate non rip-off  
mail order service. We sell all the import-  
ed hardcore, noise and grunge records we  
can lay our hands on! As well as  
domestic releases from SST, Homestead,  
Alternative Tentacles, etc...all at  
reasonable prices..

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you're interested send us a large S.A.E  
and we'll send ya' our catalogue and  
update sheet.

Oh yeah, we also travel on the trans-  
pennine record fairs, from the midlands  
to the north of England. So check us out  
dudes! Love Neil

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Records**  
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The Freedom Of Milton Keynes



# SKATEBOARDING IS NOT A CRIME BUT IT SHOULD BE

their mate no doubt!!!  
 CH This LP contains more skulls than a Cambodian paddy field.  
 SH OOH ERR!! Doom, gloom from satan's kitchen, bring back SABBATH!  
 L If the "Children's Film Foundation" still made them awful films about kiddies playgrounds being bull dozed, this LP would be the sound-track for the J.C.B's moving in.

CH Double bass drum sounds like a huge scuttling spider on a tin roof. ENOUGH!! They're now a "PROPER" metal band and we hope Tommy Vance touches their bottoms soon!  
 (PEACEVILLE U.K.)

People who live in glass houses shouldn't have sex on the carpet.

# MUD HONEY "Superfuzz Big Muff"

CH Fine and dandy: The new age of golden sonic noise.  
 L Wot bands like the WONDERSTUFF should sound like, infested with looseness, with a fucked attitude!  
 SH The most tuneless offering yet but I find (peering under the table) that little hole in the wall more interesting than these mungo long-hair students.  
 (SOUTHERN U.S.)

# DOUBLE D CUP

sound like, infested with looseness, with a fucked attitude!  
 SH The most tuneless offering yet but I find (peering under the table) that little hole in the wall more interesting than these mungo long-hair students.  
 (SOUTHERN U.S.)

# MIS ROBINSON'S HOT BOTTOM INBRED "Kissin Cousins"

SH Cover looks like a bleedin rockabilly band, but is it??  
 CH More like J.F.A. Spiralling hippy sorta row!  
 L Recorded in 10 1/2 hours it says here. Fair play for that!  
 SH Don't seem to go anywhere by jingle jangle land.  
 L Personally I think the whole band should stand on their chairs and tell the whole class wot they're up to.  
 (KONKURRAND U.S IMP)  
 MADE TO EXHIBIT MYSELF

# IF PRACTICE AIN'T WORKING TO MAKE YA SELF GREATER



# DESPERATE NYMPHOS



# SALAD MEN FROM ATLANTIS "Sea Green Spiral"

SH To me luvvies, it says "Stonehenge". It says "bloody old hippies who worship Hawkwind"....  
 CH Classically British sound... bad drumming and shoot the producer time in other words.  
 L A lot like "JOYCE MCKINNEY", "DAN" that sorta mid tempo singalonghippiethrash.  
 SH Real jumpy, jumpy, "see-em-live" groove, the unbearably gothy cover doesn't reflect the happy-go-lucky content.  
 L They're the band you catch playing at a free festival to four people, a dog and a gallon of cider.  
 (MEANTIME U.K.)

# TRY EATING DA BRAINS OF A U.S. PRO SKATER!



# THE ORIGINAL SPAM VIRUS 58



# "IMPLOSION"

NEW LP out now  
 see them on tour in  
 May & June

WITH NEW LINE-UP INCLUDING  
 STEVE TAYLOR from "THE FUGS"  
 & BEN DAUGHERTY ex-"SQUIRREL BAIT"  
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# QUESTIONABLE SPIN-OFF

Just put your finger in the hole

DISGUSTING  
DEEDS FOR  
FORGIVENESS

**NEW LP**

**DESTROYED**



**VIRUS 63**  
*out now*



also available;

"THE DAY EVERYTNING BECAME NOTHING"

YIRUS 62

SOON AVAILABLE

"THE DAY EVERYTHING BECAME NOTHING"

"SMALL PARTS ISOLATED AND DESTROYED"

on CD, entitled

"THE DAY EVERYTHING BECAME  
ISOLATED AND DESTROYED"

SEE THEM ON TOUR  
THROUGHOUT EUROPE  
IN MAY/JUNE

### ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS

61 - 71 COLLIER STREET  
LONDON, N1 9BE.  
ENGLAND (6)

**BUMS ON PEWS, FOR  
RECORD REVIEWS!**

D.C ROXS "Various  
D.C ba

D.C ROXS "Various  
SH CRUMBS: 12 Washington D.C bands all gone  
loopy too and frothing at the eyes.  
CH All blinding stuff actually capturing  
the speed feast sound of Uncle Sam's capitol  
alright. Freddie Mercury is not a homose

the speed  
alright. **Freddie Mercury is not a homosexual**

L Think I'd prefer the sound of Swindon or something. Does make a good sampler for picking the juicier bands out though...  
CH If you dig one-hundred-variations-on-the-Bad-Brains-theme then enquire about this one (WETSPOTS U.S IMP)

NO FOR AN ANSWER

"Thought Crusade" CH-ERE! They have not got an anti drugs approach amongst this bouncy slice of pop soaked H.C.. Straight and Alert eh? SH-BUT WHO wants to be a LERT? E-Yeah its something I'd take home and listen to between the sheets. It has pop appeal definite.

SH•Compulsory listening for moshers, buy or eat Edwina Curries fur pie!

MUTIES RUN-OUT-AND-SHOPLIFT-PRONTO TIPS  
ANHREFN, NO FOR AN ANSWER, ENT

WIPE A BOGEY ON IT IN THE RECORD SHOP  
AXE GRINDER

TOP TEN 'THE KIDS HATE YOU' CHART ➔

\* PHILIP "TONGUE DOWN TROUSERS" SCOFIELD  
\* SARAH "CHOPPER CRASH FUN" GREEN. ★  
\* ANY ONE WHO WEARS FUCKIN CLOGS.  
\* BRUMMIE ZINE SELLERS AT GIGS.  
\* ANY SOD WHO REALLY FINDS CLOWNS FUNNY.  
\* PEOPLE WHO ENJOY HANGING OUT IN BUS STATIONS.  
\* LARRY "ARNY GAYS FUNNY" GRAYSON  
\* PEOPLE WHO GIVE B.T.X. ERS EMBLEM BREAK  
\* SODS WHO GET CHUMMY 'COS THEY BOUGHT THIS MAG

ODOURLESS DOG LOO

**CRUCIAL YOUTH**

DO BE A GENTLEMAN IN THE  
PIT—DON'T BE A BASTARD  
WATCH OUT FOR THOSE

KEEP FLOODS AND  
PLETS ON WHILE  
SAMPLING. IT'S  
ADVISED TO  
SOMEONE LOSES AN EYE!

WHO AREN'T AS BIG OR  
STRONG AS YOU...

"MY HERO!"

AND BE PREPARED  
TO LEAD A  
HELPING  
HAND!

DO DRESS FOR THE OCCASION!

[illegible]

HEY, BARBERS, HERE'S A TREAT FOR YOU. INSTEAD OF RAZOR USE **NAPALM** IT SENDS RADIANT HEAT UP **PUTS the HEAT IN the MEAT** GET WONDERFUL FLAVOR

Man about to be separated blows himself up

Man about to be separated blows himself up

# MOLE MEN!

LIKE ALL OTHER ACTIVITIES, HAWKING AND  
MOWING CAN BE SAFE OR DANGEROUS.  
IT ALL DEPENDS UPON YOUR SAFETY ATTITUDE

DO LAY OUT A MOON CIRCLE IN TAPE WITH BAREFOOTED ADDRESS (AND PERHAPS SOME LITTLE KITTIES) BETWEEN THE SHOW STRIPS, AND MAKE SURE PEOPLE STICK TO IT.

SOMEONE STAYS IN THE 3 FEET FRONT AUDIENCE.

MAKE APOLO SUPERSTITION.

DON'T "THANK" THE PEOPLE IN FRONT OF YOU. HE HATES AUDIENCES WITH THE AUDIENCE. PLEASE WITHIN 30 SECONDS.

WESLY

STAGE DIVING CAN BE ONE OF THE MOST EXHAUSTING EXPERIENCES IN A SHOW. IT CAN ALSO BE ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS!

DANGER!

WHAT?

DANGER!

HANG AROUND WITH ARMS AND LEGS!

CHECK FOR EQUIPMENT CUES BEFORE JUMPING!

K & FORE YOU LEADERS, YOUR FOLLOWERS CATCH YOU...

# THE MOSH CIRCUS

## I WANT MY FALSE TEETH BACK

# BALLOON OF DOOM

**TOO good  
for the  
SHED!**

**THEY'LL DO ANYTHING FOR IT**



**MORE BLOODY COLOR PAGES**

Your questions answered by resident old git **DOC MALLARD**

# Ask DA QUACK!

BEWARE MY SON OF THE FURIOUSLY PERT BALLOONS!

STONKER CONKER!

TRACTOR MEN! YOU KNOW ALL! BRING YOUR OWN TRUSS, WE'LL HAVE A BALL!



I've been sleeping in the gutter for a month! Please help me out of this irksome fashion predicament,

**BURSTING YOURS SMARTLY, paper breasts**  
RONNY THE MOD, Leamington Spa

DOC Nice try, but no "a-dozen-for-a-tenner-down-the-market" official "QUACK" sweat pants winner! Maybe you should take up being a girl, you bloody great homo!!!... "Scruffs" indeed!

## GREETINGS QUACKER!

## SHOULD WE HAVE SEX AT 13?

Have I got a spine crushing query for you! Ya see I'm well into DEATH METAL. I mosh, listen to the harshest mega-mental noise and go see all the meanest MOTHER FUCKERS like Anthrax, D.R.I and Def Leppard, who all seem to own skateboards. So I have now purchased one (a real wicked 'un with skulls and little pictures of Satan on it!) and the trouble is, what do you actually do with them? As far as I can see you either wave them in the air at gigs or when someone points a camera at you, pull a "I eat babies for breakfast" face from out behind them. What other question?

SPIKE ME PANTIES BIG BOY!

you're in league with old horny ROGER "Virgin Raper" WHITTLE, Birmingham (ALSOING, IS IT? TEDDY BOYS? SPRAY NO MORE. POGGY GITS)



## trembling rakish thermals!

O DOCCO! I got the Adolf Hitler of all gripes! The other day me and a few "amigoes" were thrashin' around a shopping mall where they dared me to skate down an escalator rail and land on an unsuspecting security guard. Not wanting to appear a "chicken-shitty", naturally I did. After falling three stories onto a mother and three small children, I'm now laid up with multiple head wounds, three broken limbs and am being sued by the Mall owners. Thing is... Why don't skate sticker attach to my plaster casts? hopefully, MAD "BABOON" EGGSON, Neasden, London  
P.S I wrote this letter with my stomach button

## GUSSET GROANS

DOC Yawn! Barf!! When will you peabrain nonces ever learn? Always land on the grossly overweight fatties, as avoiding full capacity injuries. PLUS! Sue the bastards first for not having signs saying "NO SKATING LIKE A COMPLETE MONGO OVER FIFTY FOOT DROPS" ... Swell letter but no chocolate log winner!

## PLEASE QUACK

Could you sort out this bitchin' now I'm having with my chum. Whats worse? Having a red hot pin poked through the pupil of your eye or the embarrassment of still skating 2 years after everyone over the age of 8 has given up? Please reply as there's a "hand job" from my mates girlie riding on this.

yours in hope, TROY CHANG, Stoke Podger, Essex

DOC GEEZE! Wake up and smell the urine sample! It's the five knuckle shuffle from your wimpy friends chick thats "the pits"... And I should, snigger, chortle, know...

## YOODLE YOWSER DOC OBEDIENCE TRAINING

Here's my beef! The sides of my trousers keep gettin' totally gnarled up by my grip tape when I'm forced to carry me "stick". I tried covering my treds with goose grease and even taken to balancing it on my head when I take a walk, but to zero avail! Sure some people like to look "scruffy" but not all of us wanna appear as if we've



## elegant shelving

CHICKEN POT PIE, CHICKEN POT PIE!!! I WANNA CHICKEN POT PIE!!!

OOOH! SENT YOUR BABY SWEET...

CRUNCHY AS WELL!



FUCK THIS+ FUK THAT+ FUK IT ALL AND GIMME A BUCK MY FUCKIN RUBBER MAT!

DOC Sheesh! This is either a joke or you in need of a serious, sharp blow to the forehead! What else do you use as a guitar when you stand bollock naked in front of the mirror pretending to be one of Bon Jovi!... Now let that be an end to it.

## DEAR QUACK

Help. Everytime I buy a skateboard, toughs with Mohicans threaten me, then steal it, sell the front of me

What should I do? JOE "Radster" BIGGINS Thrubwell, Near Avon.

DOC Simple! Kill your friends, take some heroin and join the mohawks as they obviously have more cash AND sense. **enraged purple halliards**

Stupid, fat, swollen body need covering up? Then send us £12.50 for an "ASK THE QUACK" shirt and we'll say the cheque got lost in the post.

**WHEN I got to the dump I was coshed. Pissed. Plastered. It was the drink.**

Footware goes with bedroom carpet

RATTLE GNARE TROWEL!!



You can lead a headbanger to water, but you can't make it wash!

**YOU DEVIL!**

DRESS TO BE DISCIPLINED

**"FUCKING GOOD RUCK"**

We pondered their lack of gross out, whilst amusing ourselves checking the hate arrows going between the metal-for-mummies brigade and the Exploited's troops of yesteryear. All hopes of a fucking good ruck were dashed and legends-in-their-own-glue-bags "T'SPLOY-TEDD" avalanched into their first song. And by the swizzle stick in Satan's cocktail these lads still had entertainment value!...

**penalised jovial Alky**

And we don't mean a chortle - their haircuts. Furious, forceful and jackboot aoid, an injection of meaty new blood had kept The Exploited vital enough to atop their bag of razor blade punk sounding cornball. "Punka not Dead", "Dead Cities", "Cata dead so take me Ta Glazgee" and auch, were all rolled out, sounding fresh as a melon and valid aa they can. Punks and Metal folk danced hand-in-hand, watery beer turned to wine and gloating trendies slunk at the back and grumbled...

**TRANDY RICH AND READY**

**WORRA JERK OFF**

So onto the reason for our forced and FREE entry, an interview with the cauliflower-like ear of Gang Green! Worra jerk off of an episode that proved, let us tell you slugging them off, between mouthfuls of their free beer. Verbal rutting ensued and

frantic, posh Strangler. Lucky for him he was dispensed with no more than a flea in his ear and a bag of shame protruding from his flabby buttocks. But no! Crap attack No 2!! Being thoroughly un "pro" and 10 pence we'd of course forgotten our tape machine. Lying heartily that our interviewing was better written down, we totally UN-managed to convince the "pro" GANGIES that we was kosher like.

**We have got to fight the entire super band system. Groups like D.R.I. and GANG GREEN are revolting!**

not followed was a sad, laughable interview. We tried to extract the filth'n'fury and got back 3 million plugs for their poxy new album. Here follows an exact transcript.

**HUGE DEATH ROLL**

**MUTIES OI:** Taken loadsa drugs and raped many wombles lately?  
**GANG SPLEEN** Hey alright! Y'know we have a song about drug abuse on our new LP called blah, drone...  
**M** Err, Burp! Howz the tour going aye?  
**G.G** Hey real buckaroo! It's real lengthy so we can promote our new album called.. blah, plug...fat talk...  
**M** So, you truly love the kids or wot?  
**G.G** Why, not dang! Sure we does! In fact we's even written a song about our little ole fans, its on our brand new album... etc...etc...

2. You're alone in a lift when a real wierdo pushes his way in. The lift is just about to go up.



**D-R-I/GANG GREEN/ THE EXPLOITED/BRI-STOL**

**THE SPEAR PIERCING THE THROAT**

Well go see a man about a dog! A buzzer of a line up eh? The King goons of soapy Mohicans and scottishness, the Exploited lashed to a couple of big wig names from Johnny Yanko land!!! Wots the unifying factor here den? BEER! HOOCHE! PINTS'O' SLOSH!! Three bands who enjoy 3,000 bevvies a night, all spewing their squiffy headed talents tonight and we get to interview 'em. ZONGS! Don't it get the juices flowing!?

**SNOGGING ELVIS**

Those with third eye power would have predicted a varied, to say the tidgiest, gaggle tonight, and proved right up they was! But what a bunch of knob foddlers!! Dullard Mohawk punx aorting "SID IS ALIVE AND SNOGGING ELVIS" armbands and a vast army of sprogs with long hair, dental hygiene problems and poor quality denims all lovin'-ripped by mumsie.

**HE MADE ME TOUCH IT**

Heads were slapped as we bottom pinched our way thru the mongos as the bastard promoters had deemed to wack "GANG GREEN" on three minutes after the doors opened!! Playing a half empty hall (most people atill outside sniffing boot polish we imagine) were four chubby fellows belting out some meat cleaving sounds very close to a double-on-the-frenzy Motorhead with a New York street bum on vocals. Tight aa a..... errrr... pair of tights on a very fat person, "G.C" (as a poncey journo would say) they still have an edge on most snot nosed thrashers but there was somethin askew...

**fear of being accosted by a Moonie**



**it's time to reduce the annoyance of WHISKERING**



**CONDOM**

Going through their motions sprang to mind or maybe it was too early in the eve. But there was way too much nicey nicey and nowt near enuff rowdy head jumble and speed punk attack... A possible Mr-Sell-out-to-metal-for-cash influence here, sir

**You've either got it or you haven't**

... would after my death like medical students to make rude comments about my obesity.

**HUGE! SWOLLEN! WOBBLY!!...ITS SKATE MUTIES**

# GREATEST HITS!

**The WORST Excesses in A DeLuxe 64page BLOCKBUSTER!**

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IT'S THE KINDA ZINE THAT HITS YA IN DA FACE!!  
**SKATE MUTIES**  
FROM THE 5th DIMENSION  
INSTALLMENT 4



**WATCH THE SKIES**

**OUT JUNE**



Yo-ho-ho, and a lot of good fun!

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Are you with the Sex Pistols all the way or do you here what they stand for? The best five letters we receive win a record. After ten minutes of this merciless hype, pencils snapped accidentally and an emergency call from a dying relative saved us from more beer-bellied capitalism.

## BRASS KNOBS ON OWN!

We stumbled from backstage straight into a thrash hungry not-so-unwashed playing fake-out guitars to the down tempo sound of D.R.I. Lord spare US!! They was bad enough on their last visit but more hair, grosser beer bellies and stolen cheese metal riffs meant they'd plummed the depths of non-cred. Any remaining clickers of speed punk had been wiped from the lads of D.R.I and the yanks who spawned a million running stick men T-shirts gave now only proper tailors dummies picket Burtons window.

WELCOME TO THE PLEASURE GYM!!



**GAYS**

eat raw herrings until it stops raining.

grown up DEATH METAL, with a stanic knoba on! Of course the cheese dick fans lapped it up like the pussies they is. They lie blameless, as no doubting the most "WES-ALL-STREET-WIZE-GUN-TOTTIN-THRASH-KIDS" type bands they'd ever seen, were probably the likes of doodle buck heads like ANTHRAX or STATUS QUO. Connect the dots... "FAT"... Chromosomes the Americana picked up a fat wage packet and of the Exploited army, whoae heroea only got paid £35.00 for tonight. TISH! Ripped off, bummed out and who would have thought a bunch of jocks with more atuda than senae would blow two of the (once) spammiest acts around right off the bloody atage?

12. You see a man dragging a screaming child into a taxi.

There's no quicker way to stop diarrhoea

Bagpuss

BUBBLE GEAR? BEE IN JAR!!  
PERFECT POSTURE

# SORE THROAT

LESBIAN SEX TOYS

PIG IN SUSPENDERS BEING BUMMED BY ALIEN BENDERS!!

DILDO ECSTASY

## WOBBLY WORDS FROM BIG WOBBLY LADS

You'll need more than a couple of aspirin.

GULP: YONKERS! AND I'll be WIG RAPED by a TREE! A real, KOSHER, non KAK interview in S.M.S.D! Yes it's a truism, terror heads! Such were the words of spittle and jolly crossness spouting forth from the self-styled "FRANKIE HOWARD'S" of Hardcore we deemed it user friendly. Of ALL the multitude of interviews we have conducted (usually to gain free entry to gigs, their records, the female bassist's underwear) this one disproves the fact that musician's should keep their gobs shut and just play their bloody toys. So let the farce commence luvvie.



MAMMOTH MELONS & GARGANTUAN GUTS!!

### THE CAST

RAWHEAD ROX - SHOUTING  
BEASTLY VOMIT - BEATING  
LEGGCO - DE-BASSING  
RANDY TROUT - GIT-ARRING  
GLENDA MUTIE - THOUGHT PROVOKING  
MORPHINE, LAGER AND PARTY POPPERS - INFLUENCING

### THE FILTH

Add spice to your cooking in a Jiffy

R.R How much are we gettin paid for this then?  
G.M What do we get? Oh, two hundred quid off your record company and poor northern types like you get paid in stolen "SKATE-BOARD!" sweet tops or summin completely cheeseball.  
L (feebly) Can I have a pair of those shorts with the Vicar's head on them?  
(Sound of dreadlocked forehead being slapped)  
G.M On with it scuttlers... Bet you formed "SORE THROAT" after a hellish all night drinking session eh??

B.V We ARE an all night drinking session.  
R.R Yeah! We drink loads, see. (holds up a pint of orange juice and takes the shame for cracking bad joke).  
R.R But anyhow I'm more into dahbling with BRASSO (tastes the same as most 'oop north beer - S.M.S.D) I recommend a gallon to anyone...cept BOLITROWER cos they're too old and stupid to drink.  
G.M Tell us how totally fucking NAFFO skate-boarding is?  
R.R It's shite! Absolute, its another mindless consumer fashion.  
B.V Always has been...



RUDE GNOMES  
MY KNICKERS ARE OFF



GIRLIE BONKING

R.R (Disagreeing non-violently, unfortunately) NOO! It used to be a fun pastime, before wank off big business moved in, besides I'm too fat to skate.  
B.V We prefer shopping trolleys lashed to gether so we don't fall off.  
R.R That's why they invented straight-edge, they can't take their beer and skate at the same time!  
G.M Wot thinks you of Britain's Hardcore record labels?

ALL (HOOTS OF DERISION)

### WHAT IS AN ORGASM?

B.V Well DIC (he who owns EARACHE - SMSD) is the Mr Cressote of PUNK!  
R.R... And SHANE from MANIC EARS is a goblin dwarf. 0832 403 498  
L EARACHE have been, in fact, paid by EMI to put out knobby hands like "CARCASS".  
G.M AHA! Ya slander-heads, say some big truths about our lovely home-grown H.C hands.

R.R Right - "CARCASS"! They're absolute shite! Bet they reckon their LP sleeve (the one with the yukky bits'o'bodies on it - SMSD) is real outrageous. It's just five year old childish humour.  
L "NAPALM DEATH": Boring numb-head thrash, no inventiveness, the lyrics are just a pose. They're that ugly you wanna throw up when you watch em... They're genetically mutated.

### "DYKES IN SPIKES"

B.V Their guitarist is the love child of the Michelin man and Bernard Mannings!  
R.T "BOLITROWER" are just tuned down bollocks, riding off the backs of "BLACK SABBATH".  
B.V They stand there with gobs down to 'tut floor, they're that bored!  
R.R Same as the bloody audience.  
B.V And "DR AND THE CRIPPENS", cretins! They break bands equipment when they borrow it, cos they're too dense to understand how it works!

HAPPY TO BE HEELED

G.M Hold on. Worra bout "IAN MCKAYE"?  
R.R BOLD BASTARD! Birch him and send him to prison for three months for inventing Straight Edge!  
L Aye I forgot "CEREBRAL FIX" - biggest bunch of dumb metallers we ever met, real macho men, with £600.00 guitars bought by EARACHE...can't shag any good either.  
G.M Wot Nottingham, the birth place of "BRITCORE".

R.R It sucks, I wanna smash it up, John singer of "HERESY" is a turd and their bassist KALV has a flat face.

L Yeah we're so grateful for them 'inventing' hardcore for us 'plebs' to listen to.  
G.M Why does all so called decent music come from the North not the affluent SARF then?  
R.R Cos they all drink lager, don't smoke enough tabs and are dozy bastards, basically. L It's "canny" good up here...

G.M Do you love the kids, the bums on seats luvvies?  
B.V NO! NO! If we did we would give such such unlistenable garbage.  
G.M Who do you hate the most God or Satan?  
L We just love them both.

R.R I think it would have to be "HERESY"

Did you ever wish you had wings on your feet?

"Sir! Wupert Everwett's being bummed alive in the bogs, Sir!"



# purple banana sick

# insensitively homosexual haircut

G.M Do you reckon people in Punk 'n' that have been far too polite and nicey nicey to each other for far too long?

B.V Yeah, that's where all the bitching comes from, 'cos they can't say it to their face.

## LICKING LESBIANS

R.R Where as we do!

B.V It's like the humourous bits of "SORE THROAT" aren't that funny really, it's like us taking the piss out of other bands inadequacies!

R.R People on the outside laugh at it, but bands on the receiving end get well annoyed.

B.V Yeah, it's worked that well that "CEREBRAL FATS" came and threatened me at a Brum gig!

G.M Are you pissed off that you didn't get on SNUB T.V then?

REMEMBER KIDS/DONT EAT SWING SO SOFT YOU DONT ENJOY IT!

L Naw, it's just part of the Hardcore hype, we don't wanna be part of it, time will tell who gets made a fool of.

B.V That "SNUB" things the epitome of what HC ended up to be, all they're gonna be laughed at, ya know "HA! Look there's those stupid bastard tramps who like that silly Hardcore noise. Aren't they funny".

R.R Yeah, see all the wankers who had smiley face t-shirts last month running round swearing they've always been into NAPALM DEATH, honestly makes yah violent it does.

G.M Final word to the punters.

L Death...

## DILDO ACTION

R.R Fuck IAN McKAYE up the botty.

R.T Can I change my name?

B.V I can shag as fast as I drum.



## BREATH THROUGH YOUR EARS



**SORE THROAT Boys and Girls** - a band to blow any po-faced sod out of his "Danger Mouse" pyjamas. If you really want to pester the band for crappy postal interviews, at the local village hall then find their freakin ad elsewhere! Look out for a summer-cookies merchants CRUCIAL YOUTH.

## THROATY PLATTERS

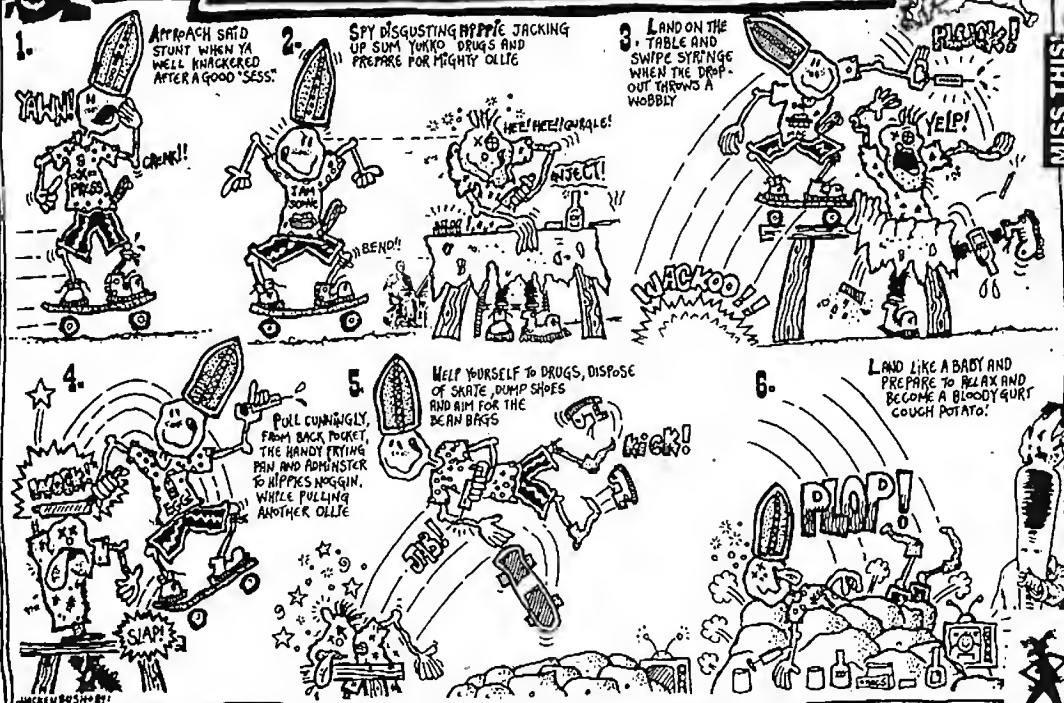
"UNHINDERED BY TALENT" LP (MEANTIME)  
"DISCRAGE TO THE CORPSE OF SID" 137 track and only 79p LP (EARACHTUNG!)  
IN THE PIPELINE...  
"INDESTROY" One track concept LP (MANIC QUEERS)  
"KILL YOUR IDOLS" only-on-sale-in-Japland 12" (so it'll cost yah 8 quid or summin')  
A one second video to be aired on the next series of NETWORK 7. A double LP called "KUNT LIPS" on VINYL SOLUTION.

## NAPPY STACKER

## SORE THROAT'S TOP TEN HANGOVER CURES

- \* Chocolate milk and Hashish
- \* Don't get up
- \* Beer and cough mixture
- \* Chips and gravy
- \* Wobbly bottoms
- \* Russell Grant's face
- \* Sex with a member of NAPALM DEATH

# \*OLLIE-TO-LAID-BACK-JUNKIE\*



"Only last week I caught two naked boys strung up by the cloisters."

The GUNG HO! way to

# GIG DANCE LA EURO

foreigner abuse special!!



A whistle stop look at an anarchist's ideological in depth study of the sociological behaviour of ur continent cousins.

OR PERVS WELCOME

Five pissed show offs on the road.

"Would you and your band like to come and play in Greece", the letter started. Hmm, Greece, lets just think about this for a second. Greece, eh. Land of beaches sun, ouzo, and sultry dusky maidens. By God we'd kill to come and play in Greece. And so it began. A tale of bravery, atamina, lust, greed, avarice and enough alcohol on which to float the moon.

So one sunny day last year, we packed up our things - two guitars, 1 change of socks, 15 crates of Pig lager and a mind boggling array of sun tan oil and we set off in our trusty ford (look at that rust) transit. Moohrah, first stop Dover and all the pre-customs panic and paasport buffoonery that we always associate with this evil place of cross channel ferries and nasty smelling french fashion victims, you know what I mean "ooh la la, Pascal, le supermarket a la shopleeft si'il vous plais, croak, croak, croak". Escaping the frogs (cause no one in England really likes the French) and surviving the onslaught of interpol and HM Customs who for some strange reason always seem to think that we're either irish terrorists or a splinter

## DEBASED AND PRIMEVIL BEHAVIOUR

group of the Baader Meinhof, we park oop van and head straight for the duty free and cheapo bar. Now I won't go into detail about the debased and primevil behaviour that you have to associate with cross channel ferries, but let us just say that on arrival in Zeebrugge we must have put the Vikings to shame. Now I know that's nothing to be proud of (it is, it is - Ed) (It's not, it's not - typist) but

AAAAAAGH! NO-I'LL NEVER DRINK AGAIN!

LET ME HOLD YOUR BALLS

AT THREE O'CLOCK EVERY NIGHT OF THE COME OUT OF THE FLOODS AND CLIMB UP MY BACK AND DOWN THE PART IN MY HAIR.

STAIN DEVILS

BOLD BONDAGE LOVERS

SUCKER ASS GOOSE YOUR TIME IS OUT!!

HELLO! HELLO! IS THAT DIA-L-A-R-A-R?

HAW HAW HAW! DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE TRAVELING SALESMAN?



## THIS IS THE FACE OF THE VILEST SEX MONSTER

BAPH! THE IMPERFECT DUPLICATION OF ME MUST DIE! ITS EXISTENCE IS A MOCKERY OF MY GREATNESS!

## HORRIBLY ILLEGAL DRUGS

believe me when I tell you that five bloody hours crossing the channel in a metal box you begin to understand why the aforementioned vikings attacked with such ferocity. Anyway, perceiving and pulling ourselves together with Jack Daniels, we headed off towards the land of the free. O.K, for all you sprogs, non-entities and general homeboys, the lands of the free are not the good old USA's or UK's of this world but a couple of poxy countries known to you and I as Holland and Belgium. In these two countries you can buy anything you want, from the most horribly illegal drugs to the

LOCK UP YOUR CABBAGE WATER MR!EM PEAKING!

## ALL AROUND THE HOUSE & GARDEN

## DEBAUCHED AND DEPRAVED

most horribly illegal pornography which as usual, had our drummer and driver fighting each other to be the first people in our entourage to become the most debauched and depraved in whatever way they possibly could.

## EJACULATION

A few hours later after stopping for re-fueling (know what I mean?) It was back on the road and next stop Deutsche land (Germany to you thickos) Right so here was the plan. 1. Fight our way through German Customs, not the friendliest people in the world. 2. Meet up with friends for old times sake. 3. Drive like buggery all next day and the day after.

Now then, now then, Taking it easy it was not. Unfortunately for us, our band has a bit of a bad reputation for hell-raising, beerdrinking and having a good time generally without a care in the world. Just the sort of things the Germans seem to have an affinity with. Between us and our comrades we shook the very foundations of the Riechstag and only partially managed to control our own blitzkrieg.

Ugh, Christ on a crutch. 8'O'clock in the morning and it was Austria bound. Glancing around at the faces in the van. I knew how the troops who liberated Auschwitz must have felt.

## ARE YOUR ROUNDS WAMADETTED?

## TEARING DOWN THE AUTOBAHN

For what seemed like an eternity we tore down the Autobahn (no speed restrictions) each of us lost in his own hellish nightmare world of the german homebrew hang-over.

Eventually and by the powers that be, we arrived at the Austrian border. God we must have looked bloody awful. So imagine our surprise when with a wave and a smile the nice customs men ushered us through without a by your leave. Now this sort of

THE MOMENT I WAKE UP I PUT ON A LITTLE MAKE UP + SPILL MY WAD OVER YOU!



GIANT TEDDY BEARS

# RODDING KEEPS YOUR WEAPON CLEAN!

behaviour is rather sinister and somewhat disturbing. We were quite taken aback, but no where near as taken aback as when we looked at our first sightings of Austria. "My god, all this drinkings finally killed me and I've gone to heaven", was just one of the comments muttered under beery breath.

**AMPLE ASSETS**  
Austria is beautiful. You may have been to Scotland. You may even have walked the Pennine Way. But these pale into insignificance compared to this country. But even so, after a few minor run-ins with neo-nazis in a small mountain hamlet it was next stop Yugoslavia.

Imagine if you can, Afghanistan. Flat as a stick plains, lined with mountains. Course, rocky medieval peasants toiling fields. Well Afghanistan was the image



owned motorway which you have to pay extortionately large amounts of money to use... On top of this practically every commercial heavy bastard lorry travelling south uses this road as a sort of H.G.V. rands hatch. Well the pressure was on, three days non stop driving with about 3 hours sleep (I'm not kidding) was beginning to show on our psychotic yet aimable driver.

**"THIS IS A PACK OF LIES!"**  
"Point that finger at me again you dago son-punch your fucking 'ead in", slightly out of order and a rest was on the cards.

Two hours later after driving through a veritable waterfall of a rainstorm we arrived at our haven of peace - Chez

abduction by alien spacecraft.

**ALWAYS BOASTING ABOUT YA TRICKS AND STUNTS?**

**THEN MEET THY DOOM IN DA ROOM OF GREASED ACCOUNTANTS**



**unpleasantly, throbbing, cobblestones**  
**PSYCHOTIC YET AIMABLE DRIVER**

it conjured up in my durranged mind. Entering Yugoslavia is like going back in time. A country trapped in the dark ages yet still trying desperately to come to terms with westernised 20th century living. There is only one road that runs through Yugoslavia actually. Road is maybe an understatement. Let's just say it's a two lane death trap that runs for about 800 miles with about 200 miles of state



**NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS**

purchase horribly large amounts of alcohol and retired to the van for a crackingly uncomfortable 4 hours sleep. Life on the road is fun and don't let any other bugger tell you otherwise; nervous breakdowns, physical exhaustion are all part of the entertainment and with that thought on my mind, we set off again for one of the most nerve wracking stages of our trip.

**DR. STRANGE**

**The HERBS**

**DR. STRANGE**



MAN, AFTER THAT SESSION LOOKS LIKE HE NEEDS ...

AWW BUM!!! THEY'LL THINK IM UNDER AGE IF I GO IN WITH MY BOARD!

QQ STRANGE IDEAS IN THE MAILING DDD

... AND A PINT OF VODVA FOR MY FRIEND PLEASE!

I get to eat fish twelve times a day and all the ice I can suck.



THWACK! The top of my head smashed my head, wet my knickers and bit a bar stool on the leg.

THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY MAGAZINE'S

# FEAR · POWER · GOD

SPOKEN WORD/GRAVEN IMAGE COMPILATION



**JELLO BIAFRA**  
**ALLEN GINSBERG**  
**ANTON LA VEY**  
**HENRY ROLLINS**  
**LYDIA LUNCH**  
**WHIPPING BOY**  
**MATT HECKERT**  
**CHARLES MANSON**  
**MR. V. O. REAL**  
**LAWRENCE**  
**FELRINGHETTI**

## SIDE ONE

LYDIA LUNCH - The Human Animal  
MATT HECKERT (of Sound and Research Lab) - Untitled  
LAWRENCE FELRINGHETTI - The Lord's Prayer  
CHARLES MANSON - Prison Tape  
MR. V. O. REAL - Billie in the Great Meat Grinder

## SIDE TWO

JELLO BIAFRA - Alice Orders  
ALLEN GINSBERG - Love Shuttle  
HENRY ROLLINS - Song  
ANTON LA VEY (of Church of Satan) - Book IV  
MATT HECKERT - LA  
WHIPPING BOY - The 3rd Secret

Workers Playtime  
61-71 Collier Street  
London N1 9BE

OUT NOW

PLAY IT PG

UK DISTRIBUTION BY THE CARTEL. HOLLAND: BOUDISQUE. BELGIUM: PLAY IT AGAIN SAM. GERMANY: EFA.



...AND SPEAKING IN SOME STRANGE CRUSTACEAN LANGUAGE TO AN UNSEEN HOST... WHILE CANDLES MISS THE NAMES OF THE GUILTY...



# KINKY PUNISHMENT SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED

South Yugoslavia - bandit country extraordinaire; what ever you do, don't break down while in the mountains, always drive like Skeletor is on your tail. (well I thought I'd bring it down to your level) and if you do happen to stop, hope the police get to you first, cause the worse they do is to take your money and lock you up for a few months. With the horrific visions of bandits and red-necked pigs scaring each of us into comes we

"Suck me!" she panted.

promptly blew a tyre in the middle of no where. I'd swear that in my life I have never seen five people move so quickly. We'd changed the tyre and were on the road within seven minutes. Believe me, I counted. Cracking open the noxious brandy in a rather pathetic attempt at celebration it was onwards to the Greek border. Destination arrivee, the temperature in

## So fuck off Bum Funn Chum,

the 90's, crickets romantically cricketing in the background, and no hassle at all at the border. We were in! Breathing a stinking sigh of relief, we made the all so important phone call to our Greek counterparts and set off at a leisurely pace for the birth place of Alexander the Great (what do ya mean where's that? Don't they teach you anything at school these days?) Thessaloniki, Greece's largest second city after Athens and a strange place of wonderment and beauty. After waiting for about half an hour at the train station, we finally met the people we'd suffered five days of hell for. It was brilliant, hand shaking abounded, tears welled up in the old eyes, even I (who usually holds a line of contempt for foreigners a mile long)



PERSONAL PERVERSIONS



(It's the Wellington in me) was prone to only the minimum abuse and one joke about kebab shop owners - Yes folks, it was a joy to behold!! Avoiding the suspect glances directed at me, we clambered back into the van with our Greek pilot and headed for the place of sejour. Now I shall't bore you with too much detail about the general comings and goings and assorted scandals (once we were rested and happy re-cooperated, and pleasure bent) But to be plunged into the world of Greek punk rock was a refreshing and exhilarating experience. These people don't fuck about.

## MADE TO OBLIGE BOKK A HOUSEWIFE

In many aspects they take themselves too seriously, but I suppose somebody has to. It's not until you begin to find out the situation in Greece that you realise why these people riot at the drop of a hat.

## I ONLY BEAT VERY NAUGHTY BOYS

Like I said I shan't bore you with the ideologies and political ramblings. If you really want to know, go there. (Ha) Well my time is running out. I could probably write a book on the subject of underground world travel and by the time this is printed we'll probably be off again. (Cardiff on Sunday, lads - typist tee hee) Now here's the competition. The first person to write in with the correct name of the above band who did eight countries in three and a half weeks wins a tour t-shirt and free entry to any one of the bands gigs in this country in the near future.

## DISHONOUR BEFORE DEATH

Yul Brynner  
\*Over 18's only  
Your statutory rights are affected  
ALL SEX MANIACS CALL

## ANDY PANDY

# Spanking MP's shame

Panting  
ELVIS

ONE-PIECE ROMPER

RECOMMENDED READING

TEN WHEELZES To Get You INTO...

# GIGS FOR Fuck ALL!

Phone up the concert hall, saying you're from the local free advertiser rag and you want to do a whopping great feature on the venue, but you can only make it along tonight, so you "might as well" see the band as well. (Good for those with the gift o' gab)

Alternatively, find out the name of the local paper's poncey old rock "critic" as they're always on the guest list. Use it early in the evening while said hack is still being a monstrous old windo down the pub.

Swipe your big bro's "LED ZEP WORLD TOUR 73" T-shirt, stuff a pillow down the front for a wobbly beergut. Then wipe yourself down with a greasy old sock, pour brown ale down your trousers and pass yourself off as a roadie.

**MUSHROOM MONEY-BOX**

Find out which pub the Band are getting sloshed in before the show, swagger in looking mournful saying "Well I used to go and see Blah, Blah, all the time when they played down the "Dog and Cuttlefish" but MAN! The ticket prices now... not like the old days... moan, gripe..." Bands are complete suckers for pleasing long standing fans, will feel all guilty about "selling out", and will instantly give you a back-stage pass so you can go and drink their beer and fondle their groupies.

Leggit round and round the concert hall, find the toilet window, clamber through, find its the girlies loo and get brutally thrown out for being a colossal pervvie.

Stand outside grovelling like a good'un for "spare change". Get pee'd off after you collect just 39p (and a greek coin). Beat up a small person and steal their ticket.

Gather together a band of oppressed type punters, storm the "imperialist lackies" shouting old beardo politico cliches, while the kids take a good hammering from the bouncers sneak in and lose one million karma points.

**We care and it shows**

Spot some bod flugging unofficial band merchandize outside, tell the security (who'll proceed to chase him down the road with baseball bats), then get a pat on the head and a free entry for being a dirty little grass.

Start blubbing and a crying in front of the queue outside until some foxy chick takes pity on you and gives a spare ticket (and a bit of the other later on if you're a lucky cuss) or half pint for the animal.

If all else fails, phone the venue, saying you're a mad-as-a-brush veggie bomber or summin and that you've planted a monumental incendiary device in the building. You don't get to see the show, but neither does any other bastard either.

**Mary Mongo and Midge**

TRUELY HE IS DA SON OF A POB!

Baby Chinchilla Converts Milk into Gorgeous Fur

I THINK GOOPY HUMANS WILL DO NICELY!

\*FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT OR SHOULD NOT CLIMB STAIRS

# \*STICKERS

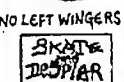
10P EACH



I ♥ LONDON  
ENOUGH TO PUT ON A LAUGHABLE BARROW BOY ACCENT.....



**CRASHING**  
IS SOMEWHAT HUMILIATING IS IT NOT....



**I ♥ LITTLE BOYS IN SHORTS**



**FAT PEOPLE ARE CUNTS**

SKATEBOARDING IS NOT A CRIME BUT IT SHOULD BE

**FUCKING BORE**

**THRESHER**  
FARM  
MAGAZINE

MADCAP SHIRT!



**EXPERT**

Circle the stickers you want, clumsily rip out ad, and send a blank cheque...

**CASHIN LTD**  
MUSSOLINI TRADING ESTATE,  
RIGHT WING GROVE,  
SLOUGH

STICKERS FOR THE FUN LOVING BIGOT



BADLY DRAWN MONSTER ON DECK

BE PREPARED TO SEE THE LIGHT

You are what you eat so you better not eat junk  
Don't treat your body like a garbage dump  
If you get three square meals everyday  
You'll see life in a positive way



# CRUCIAL YOUTH



FOOL

HEY FOOL!  
CRUCIAL YOUTH  
HATES GRAFFITI  
ISN'T COOL!

TRUE OR FALSE!

HOW TO  
INCREASE THE  
SIZE OF YOUR  
PENIS

I've got a Positive Dental Outlook  
I've got a Positive Dental Outlook  
I've got a Positive Dental Outlook

S.E.H.C.  
SHIPS  
BISCUITS?  
LIKE FUCK!

"MEET THE MOST POSITIVE BAND IN THE WORLD"  
This is the proud boast of Crucial Youth  
The American Hardcore band who've been  
tearing the US "STRAIGHT EDGE" scene to  
pieces. So just who or what are these  
sober-headed crusaders of all that is pure  
and chaste?

YOU BASTARD... ALL  
THOSE YEARS... ALL  
THOSE BOYS... THOSE  
POOR INNOCENT...  
LITTLE...

We wrote several begging letters to their  
Record Company NEW RED ARCHIVES with the  
casual claim of being a "HUGE BRITISH MAG  
OF UNTOLD CIRCULATION" and shortly soon  
after received their spanking new LP -



BANG

ARE BOYS PUT OFF  
BY MY BRA

Who does a 12-year-old turn to  
when his dad's on drugs?



CRUCIAL YOUTH

LAZY god by the sound of it  
THE POST MACHINE. Crucial Youth are five  
casual but clean cut youths from HOLMDEL  
NEW JERSEY, who've taken the socially  
upstanding morality of the straight edge  
movement to the outer boundaries of  
extremity and come up with their own TOT  
EDGE scene.



Just one beer is all it takes  
For your straightedge pride to break  
You said you could handle 3 or 4  
But now you are puking all over the floor

CROSS ON THE GREEN  
FOR A  
POSITIVE  
SCENE!



WALK



is to hit unmarried women

Along with the starch stiff moral lyrics  
there's also lashings of info for the  
budding straight edge on how to make your  
scene more POSITIVE, like the DO'S and  
DON'TS of MOSH PIT SAFETY and slogans  
like "If you curse you're the worse"  
"Do sports not drugs" and "Milk rips".  
Now, any Hardcore/Punk who hasn't got an  
unwashed sock for a brain, will realise  
that C.Y. are one huge jolly jape at the  
expense of the Holier than thou side of  
...DOGGY SLAVE

Things have gotten worse, you can't even see  
You lied to your mom, said you're just gonna pee  
Well you can lock the door and throw away the key  
How could you ever do this to me?

Straight Edge. But no, not so. As  
mentioned before this band of booze  
banning do gooders have kicked up an  
unholy stink over in the U.S. of A. Some  
of the more gullible straight edges see  
C.Y. as the second coming of the Messiah  
himself and have taken their words of  
wisdom as gospel.



THE X'S WIN!  
CRUCIAL YOUTH  
NYMPHOS  
IN NYLON

SMOKING is for SQUARES!



STRAIGHT  
ALERT!  
I'LL DRINK  
TO THAT!!

STINKIN'  
MULTIES HAVE  
GONE CRAZY!  
WHY THE HELL  
DO THEY THINK  
THEY'RE PLAYIN'  
AT?

STILLETTO STUDIES  
CRUCIAL JOE AND HIS  
CREW



URG! DA ONLY  
TIME DAT I  
WUZ EVER  
POSITIVE

IT WUZ A SCORE  
ON A DRUG TEST!

The NO ALCOHOL NO DRUGS lifestyle adopted  
by the more radical of U.S. Hardcore devotees  
just isn't positive enough for C.Y. These  
guys take forthright stances against  
among others, MASTERBATION, SWEARING  
GRAFFITI and DENTAL HYGIENE.

Whatever I do, I can't stop the urge to  
eat more and feel in utter despair

goddam! handbag! funk



Losers like you for the pot you have got  
But I like you for the pot you have not  
It's no joke, you took a toke  
Now the scene has gone to pot

While on the other side of the penny (or dime) it seems that the real McCoy bastions of Straight Edge thoroughly disapprove of this enlightened TOTAL EDGE theory and say that it is undermining all their praise worthy efforts to rid the world

### CHARLES SCREAMER

Stay away from me when you are drinking your coffee  
Stay away from me when you are drinking your tea  
Stay away from me, now don't you harm me  
When you are under the influence of caffeine

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE...

of demon intoxicants, and that people are now not treating the S/E scene with the serious reverence it deserves! Musically the LP itself (which by the way comes on milk coloured vinyl) has the same raw, rift rendering sounds associated

### SUCK

**CRUCIAL YOUTH**

Milk Rips!

SHAKE YOUR THANG! GET ON DOWN!  
NOT LOVIN' MR ONE EYE IS BACK IN TOWN!

I've got the worst

When someone offers you a vile of crack  
Say "No my brother, you can take it back."  
When someone offers you a toke from their bong  
Say "No my brother, I am morally strong."  
hitting these shores in the Summer. So grab your skate, a carton of milk and get your Mr. Positive head down to the nearest venue  
Crucial Youth are a mere farce or indeed the uncrowned Titans of the Straight Edge

Sounds like the donkey can dig a tunnel

# TRAY-SLIDE-SCOFFER

FOR A MAN WHO DESERVES PUNISHING

ENTER CHEESY SELF SERVICE CAFE WITH THE GRANDPAPPY OF ALL RAGING HUNGRERS!

LEAVE CRAPPY SKATEBOARD BEHIND AND FLIP ONTO TRAY, WHILST SHARING A JOKE WITH ASSISTANT

RIDE LIKE A BAD WIND ON TRAY, HELPING YOURSELF TO MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF OVERPRICED SCOFF

casual  
bugger  
bazooka

GRAN RUMBLE  
ZOOM!

HONK!

THROB! THROB!  
SCOOP!

...GUSH!...TRUNDLE TRUNDLE!! ZOOMADY..ZOOM!

CLANKERTY CLANK CLUMP RUMP!

FINISH THE EATABLES WHILE ASSUMING A CROUCH POSITION AS YOU APPROACH THE TILL

FRESH!  
SPUDGC

TAKE TO THE AIR WITH A STUPIDLY LARGE LEAP AND RETURN THE EATG TO THE COUNTER.

KOP!  
SNAP!

LAND BACK ON THE BOARD, BREAK YOUR ANKLE AND TRY TO ESCAPE THE COPPER WHEN THEY TURN UP

NEXT WEEK — Sarah turns the evil balloon loose on Katherine!

# I SPENT ETERNITY IN A DEEP FREEZE!

## FROM OUR OWN MAIN MAN

## ESCAPE

## TO

# NEW YORK!

From your own correspondent  
Scathers news agency

How much can a man take? How far stretch the bonds of friendship? How far do I have to travel to escape The Muties, and the curse of nonsense they have entangled me in? How much will I be paid? These are pressing questions, burning issues, that I feel should be answered immediately, with large cheques, made out entirely in U.S. funds (no cash in mail please) in the meantime console your enquiring self with a brief update of the facts, as they happen, as I live and breathe.

### STOCKINGS AND STRAPS

Yes, as once again I recline in luxuriant yet quaintly squalid New York City apartment, I feel the call of the wilderness urging me to reduce a once great city and its peoples to a series of senseless boasters and unfounded lies. Yea, some men are born to greatness, others have it thrust upon them, but some just find it a cheap way to an income. After my celebrated, nay feted, return to the green and peasant land, which included my high budget, society wedding to the legendary large cheated yankee slut of everyone's dreams, and extensive coastal holidaying. I found it necessary to hang up my crocodile skin shoes and my "ARMANI" suit and to don my fila anekers.

and my fake "ROLEX" watch, and to sink my teeth into the equally rotten big apple. Ah yes, New York, so good they named it twice, promptly forgot it's second name, and carried on calling it New York. Yes, New York, where the gold chains look like rope and the rope, well, that looks like rope too. But where did my previous narrative leave off? Ah Yesaa. Settle down.

my little rosy cheeked English cherubs my little worshippers of American fashion and consumer durables, for tales tales of Cal-ee-for-nye-ay come your way. California where the sun shines all year, the chicks are plentiful and large of chest, and the skating it is much and lots!! Bull-shit!

When I arrived at San Francisco international airport the very wet, very cold rain was pouring down, and all the girls I saw were crap. After a cab ride through what seemed to be one huge, posh white suburb, I was informed that this was

### STILLATION FROM THE TYPING POOL

Politically Incorrect



LUXURY FOAM

WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO US AND IT'S EVIL! WE SAW WHAT YOU DID TO SEAN! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU FREAKY SPACE JERKS!! THIS IS AMERICA, SEE?!



BASH THE RICH

### TRY PUFFKINS



THE BITCH NEEDS A FIRM HAND



### It changed my life!



THE EYES OF BONNY LANGFORD ARE YOU HEE?

YOU BASTARD DEVIL! YOU LYING JUDAS! I KNEW YOU COULDN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT.

### CENSORED

# OH NO!

ROMMAGE THRU YA UNDIES SUE?

it, the Big Frisco. Big deal. The saving grace of the evening was a bar that sold real beer, not the noddie American stuff, in pints. This along with the fact that I paid for none of the immense quantity of rabid lager I consumed, served to cushion the blow of having to sleep on a kitchen floor. Needless to say, after my rude 6 am awakening, I found way superior lodgings, in the thoroughly bohemian (well Mexican, really) Mission Street, and considerably superior company, notably a 300 dollar-a-trick French prostitute, who took me on an extensive tour of Frisco's many and varied

## SOMEBODY GOOFED

Pornographic establishments. This resulted in my shocked discovery of an 18", full in scale pink rubber vibrating model of a human forearm, complete with clenched fist, also the purchase of some fine enema magazines, and the conossieurs choice, the legendary "BAG LADY PORN". Further company was kept by the hugely corpulent LIZ of "POLKACIDE" (ludicrously obscure and ridiculous band) fame, and famed and feared "SKULL SKATES" rider CLUEHEAD, part man part pharmace...ical, mainly party animal.

### MYSTERY WIVES KINKY ANTICS



I SUSPECT IM IN THE PRESENCE OF GROSS UN-TRUTHS!!

### SILLY IN STOCKINGS

It was from this hearty fellow that I learned the Californian skateboard credo, namely making the wrenching decision each day of "Maybe I should skate today, or maybe I should just, like, stay in bed, smoke out and watch "BRUCE LEE" movies on TV. Dude."

This quandry usually settled out as six days in bed, one'n on wheels. This, needless to say, did not suit my dynamic, all action self, and thus my skate action was largely solitary. Despite this, I did learn what it is that makes these Golden haired jerks superior skate "jockeys", instead of going to find terrain to suit the tricks they already know, they adapt themselves to the terrain they have, and invent moves to utilise anything from a pile of rubble, to a broken wooden palette. I saw more impressive, creative moves on these two unlikely obstacles than I see in a month of Sundays in England. This is no surprise though. They have jack shit ready made stuff to skate

DOWN THE EASTWINDS GRINDING YOU DOWN

# Chigley and Trumpton

unlike you Brit crumbs. They have to make do with walls curbs and hills while you English fucks sit at home and whine that it's five minutes walk to the nearest set of banks, and you might, god forbid, have to even use automotive transport to get to

## PULL OVER AND TAKE ME

a skate park. Oh, you poor, poor boys, don't you like the transitions at "Southbank"? Does the atmosphere at "Meanwhile" depress you? You little fucks! You'll never be as good as the kids here, cos you're **SPOILT**, **DOLL** and that's all there is to it.

Anyhow, you've all heard of "HAIGHT-ASHBURY" Right? Home of hippies in the 60's right? Free love, anti capitalism and freedom. Right? Ha, Haight Street is just a big Carnaby Street for long hair wannabes. Rows of shops aelling genuine indian scarves and fool flares and funny looking pipes. The sidewalks are littered with human dregs

ON YOUR KNEES & BEG in a time warp, playing guitars and bongos for spare change so they can spend it on more chemicals to convince themselves that it's still the Summer of Love, and they're still young enough to enjoy it.

But "Yeah, I can balderdash upon San Francisco and all it stands for and includes" thus I spoke and swiftly departed for more "in your face" type living on the East Coast. But I did go swimming in the Pacific during a plague of killer sharks which is more than most of you will ever do.

Once more in Gotham City, one must face the pressures of everyday life, you know, offers of "Personal" ventilation a la

## DOGGY SLAVE

357. Knifepoint Financial Aids Requests, cockroaches as big as rats and rats the size of dogs. But it does have its high points, such as Sunday afternoons at CEBG's, cheap plywood home of hardcore. Now you will

BONKING WITH BARBIE



YA SEE THIS JAR OF BUMBLE BEES?... WE'LL GIMME A DRINK 'ER I LET 'EM LOOSE!



but she does get giggly when happy



## CAN I BE A SOCIAL WORKER?



DOCTORS SAY THEY MAY HAVE TO AMPLIFY MY TESTICLES THEY ATROPHIED SO BAD, I DON'T MIND--

from earlier forced confessions that the clientele are mainly of the adolescent, religiously clean living skinhead type. Much to my amusement they dress almost exclusively in highly priced imported Brit-

## steaming pig suspenders

ish clothing. Strange how these young adamant American patriots don't consider the fruits of their own textile and footwear industries as worthy of their custom. It does seem only right though that they pay £60 for a pair of DOCTOR MARTEN boots, since all you pay double the right price for all your U.S. clothing. You know whay all the Yank pro skaters sport "Air Jordan" sneakers? Not cos they're any good thats for sure. It's cos they cost about a tenner, thats why. And you all pay £40 for them. HA HA HA. I must commend, whoever it is who takes American leftover substandard crap and sells it to British youngsters

as luxury items, almost as much as whoever it is who's selling British crap to the Yankies at such high prices.

Anyway, back to CEBG's and the music therein. Rising band to watch for is 24 + 7 SPYZ who are hailed as the new Bad Brains (though what was wrong with the old ones, I don't know). they sport

a heavy powerhouse sound with intricate catchy guitarwork thats over the top. Those fun loving CRO MAGS continue their career with stunted Bass-Krishna "Highly Flammable" on vocals now. ABSOLUTION still kick hard, with front-man GINGI resembling the star of a cheese-m KUNG FU dubbed movie, on stage. Good though. Maybe you should just come and check it out for yourself. Or maybe not since the dealers from the crack house next door nearly machine gunned us all down the other week. What else? Ah yes,

## 7 UP SNOW WHITE



## ANHREFN



WELSH PUNKS ON DUB

PLAY LP 5 DISTRIBUTION: UK CARTEL, GERMANY EFA, BENELUX BOUQUISOUE

## NEW ALBUM

## "BWRW · CWRW"

OUT NOW THE ARIWA SOUND and STUDIO ONE SESSIONS produced by the MAD PROFESSOR

SEE THEM ON TOUR THROUGHOUT EUROPE IN FEBRUARY & IN NORTHERN IRELAND IN MARCH

WORKERS PLAYTIME 61-71 COLLIER STREET LONDON NI 98E



YOUR CHANCE TO SLAM & SKANK TO THE SAME RECORD

A BIGGER & BETTER ERECTION!



Purple "loons" and a fake-fur trimmed anorak

**ACID HOUSE:** Our seemingly more discerning colonial cousins don't seem to share the British musical GULLIBILITY on this front. Only ONE lousy bar deems itself to INFLICT upon the world a fortnightly rendition of the synthetic dirges that pass as music to the mindless and easily pleased.

## HEAVY FURNITURE ROLLS EASILY

naughtily  
pert,  
school uniform



balance of payments. But of course, if you weren't all such losers you'd be writing this instead of reading it, and you'd come and see all this for your- selves. But then, if you weren't such losers you wouldn't be reading this in the first place.

## IT'S HAPPY TO BE HEELED

From my observations on both sides of the pond, of the consuming masses, it appears to me that the fools, in the United Kingdom are best pleased to buy up worn out American culture at suitably exorbitant prices, and that the U.S. spenders are highly financially committed to redundant British culture. All the Brits are wanna-be-yanks and the Yanks wanna-be Brits! This basically leaves you all as just a bunch of fools who won't be happy until you've finally bankrupted yourself on becoming something you're not. This seems to me to be an adequately amusing



## AUTOMATIC CAT FEEDER

There S.M.S.D, I think that fulfills the final articles of my contract, and the scrape of the pen on cheap recycled paper must give way to the more rewarding ring of those commodity exchange telephones. So send the cheque, stop calling me and stop sodding reminding me of sodding England.

## OK, NOW FUCK OFF!

## 2-STROKE MIXTURE



COMPLETE CONFIDENCE

# Classified ADS

Without your ORAL we would not have found the if WE can't help you, LESSBIAN: we now enjoy in the twilight of our greasing, we wonder who can!

## He wants to play sex games

**DEPRAVED PORN ADDICT** wishes to thank kind gentleman who supplied the "Anatomical Journals". Please send more. Box 69.

**I WANT** a fucking lot of things in life, but I'll settle for the air fare to Miami. Box 22.

**ARE YOU FED UP** with always losing out on the sticker toss? We now have a comprehensive range of razor wire coated skate gear. Buy our togs and carve up dem sprogs.

**FOR SALE** used porno mags to go Large amount of used porno mags to go to a deserving home. Box 69.

**WANTED URGENTLY** Complete bodily shave, pair of stilts and sense of humour for short but sexy record company owning dwarf. Box 666.

## I WANT A BIGGER BUST

**BESTIAL PERVERSITY** Dirty Dressing Up. Youngish male, dark hair, 5ft10, roguishly good looking, seeks fellow "pet owners" for kinky nights in broken-down dormobile, young farmers preferred. Box 47.



**NO, NOT ME! YOU'RE THE ONE THAT DISEASED! YOU'RE THE AIDS VICTIM!**



## WHAT'S FOOL

- \* FELT TIP CROSSES ON BROKS OF HANDS
- \* UP TURNED CRUGIFIXES
- \* "WITTY" SCOUSERS
- \* COMFY BASEBALL BOOTS
- \* AMSTERDAM
- \* DANCING TO BAN DS
- \* SKATE SHORTS
- \* NIGHT NETWORK
- \* ACID, HOUSE & SOUL
- \* SKATEBOARDING IN GENERAL

## WHAT'S COOL

- REAL TATOOES IN PLACES WHERE IT SHOWS
- "HAPPY SHOPPER" T-SHIRTS
- DRUNK WELSH MEN
- HARD-AS-NAILS JACK BOOTS
- ANY SOVIET BLOK CITY
- HECKLING THE GODS
- GUT OFF LONG JOHNS
- "MARRIED WITH CHILDREN"
- SKA, TWOTONE & FIGURERS
- JUST ABOUT ANYTHING WITHOUT FUCKIN' WHEELS

## UP FOR GRABS

This magazine, yes S.M.S.D is for sale. Publishing copyrights, a ton of clippings, prittstick, grey haired editor, collection of mind warping drugs and a pair of very sharp scissors, £1000 o.n.o.

## He's a virgin

**I SHALL HAVE** all imperialistic lackeys of commercialism at my feet come the end of the year, complete control of the Kronstadt is mine by birthright and those who oppose me shall suffer eternally. Pete. Box 10.

**GIVE ME** a very good board worth possibly £120 - 150 for only £5. Must be in mint condition. Box 12.

## SADDLESORE SEX

**WORK NEEDED** anything considered. I'm an overweight, over 35 male and ex-editor. S.K. Box 38.

**FRUITY FUN** Yes penis jelly moulds are now in. Variety of sizes, breaks the ice at parties.

**WICKED WANDA** wants to give you a pot noodle enema. Box 31.

# Stunned eggheads shock the world



RUN OVER BY A CAR

GREAT **WEIRDO** BANDS OF OUR TIMES

NQ4



Col. Bagshot Investigates.

AS TOLD TO  
**Johnny Zilch**

DO YOUR DRESS UPS!

Unreasonable,  
oppressive  
authority.

WHISKY, BEER  
+ ALLO REST:  
DOWN EM  
ALL + PEE  
MAVVEST!

A MOUTHFUL FOR JIRDA

The last snows of winter had left the surrounding fields with a thin coating which was crisp - looking and solid in appearance. It was in sharp contrast to the brown sludge which squelched under my feet as I trekked carefully up the well-worn path to Throptark Towers. I was walking as fast as I could, allowing for the treacherous footing, and I had good reason for haste; the rumour was that the colonel had had at long last returned from his travels, and the tell-tale column of smoke rising from the chimney fed by the great hearth indicated that the much-travelled methuselah was indeed in residence. As I approached the door I was startled to hear what sounded like muffled shouts of protest coming from one of the out-houses. I was sure I had heard the coarse



Wacky face

**WHIRLIBOMBER**

as best you can until you are summoned to the meal". Despite Jedson's oddly impersonal manner, my spirits rose at the knowledge that the Colonel was indeed back safely, so feeling more at ease I decided to take advantage of his generous hospitality. After about half an hour, having scrutinised every detail of the hall twice over, I decided to further amuse myself.

DEBBIE'S DIRTY DEEDS

as Jedson had invited, by paying a visit to the hall of fame. On my way I was startled slightly by the sight of a most intimidating looking mask, fastened to the wall of the adjoining passageway. The style suggested Indonesian origins, and was, with its fierce red green and purple design, most definitely not intended for friendly welcoming ceremonies. It was a new addition to the Colonels' souvenirs, and I was suddenly struck by the fact that there had been another identical one in the great hall, before reaching for that

SEVEN INCH DREAMS

esteemed tone which lay in the hall of fame I had spied a third identical mask, and had felt an unwelcome return of uneasiness.

Amongst the various artefacts in the hallowed hall, a futuristic looking flying machine had caught my eye. Puzzling over it, I had been grateful to

**DR. STRANGE** wierd and wonderful !! **DR. STRANGE**



MUMMY, MUMMY, I WANNA  
NICE SHINEY SKATE BOARD!

OH, I DON'T KNOW DEAR,  
THEY LOOK DANGEROUS !!

SPLAT

TEE HEE HEE

**blood-spattered AIDS**  
tones of Isiah, the crusty old gardener, yet there had been an unusual note of panic in the old grunter's voice. My feelings of slight concern began to turn into uneasiness as I was greeted by Jedson, the butler at the door.

He bade me enter the porch, and I followed him to the great hall I became aware of a definite change about him. Jedson had always been slow, and appeared slightly vacant, but his dull movements and complete lack of expression today gave him an automaton-like quality. Jedson gestured for me to sit down at the hearth, and spoke in guttural tones. "The Colonel is inconvenienced after his travels, but has been expecting you, and will meet you for dinner later. Please amuse yourself

brothel

FOOT DOMINATION

find a label attached, which read thus: U.S.S Enterprise, Star Trek; See entry for Spizz. So this I duly did, eager to take my mind off the disconcerting masks, and quickly became engrossed.

"The Spizz story originated at an all-day mini Punk festival in Birmingham's legendary Barbarellas in October 1977. Scheduled bands included Eater, The Killjoys and The Drones, but a spontaneous performance by a solitary Spizz, armed only with a tinny guitar, proved to be one of the more popular moments.

Despite having the plugs pulled after ten minutes, his popularity spurred Spizz into playing more gigs, now becoming known as Spizz 77. Shortly after this, however, in the first of many chameleon like changes, a chance meeting of a friend who gave him a lift to London prompted

I'VE GOT SPOTS ON MY NIPPLES

# ERASERHEAD



VIRUS 30

RE-ISSUE OF THE ORIGINAL  
SOUNDTRACK OF

## \*ERASERHEAD\*

INCLUDES ABSOLUTELY FREE  
A PICTURE OF "BABY"  
SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

T-SHIRT ALSO AVAILABLE

SEND S.A.E. FOR  
MAIL ORDER  
CATALOGUE

alternative  
tentacles

61-71 COLLIER STREET  
LONDON, N1 9BE,  
ENGLAND.

100% SOLID - awesome.  
HONDURAS - Holy Grail  
MAHOGANY - lagers.



IN HEAVEN EVERYTHING IS FINE .....

DISTRIBUTION BY THE CARTEL, NOLLAND: BOUDISQUE, BELGIUM: PLAY IT AGAIN SAM, GERMANY: EFA

*The only constructive thing left for  
Surbiton bores to do is kill themselves*

Spizz to evolve into a duo. The friend  
was Pete Petrol and the new name was  
Spizz Oil.

1978 saw them gigging frequently,  
supporting Siouxsie and the Banshees  
on a showcase tour, giving as good as  
they got from the boisterous punk  
audience, and winning them over by the  
end of the performance, their raw trebly,  
staccato sound was served up to the  
general public courtesy of Rough Trade  
records later in 1978. Two EP's,

### LISTEN TO ME MISBEHAVE

"6000 crazy" and "Cold City" became  
minimalist classics, featuring vocals,  
guitars and the occasional kazoo, and  
both made allusions to the - at times  
uncomfortable sci-fi future Spizz often  
enthusiased about.  
By 1979 Spizz Oil had blossomed into  
Spizz Energi, a five piece band  
incorporating bass guitar, drums and  
keyboards. The goods were delivered in

the form of the first of several  
killer singles, "Soldier, Soldier",  
backed by Roxy Music's "Virginia Plain".  
The follow up, the obviously influenced  
"Where's Captain Kirk?" is still  
probably Spizz's best known song. A  
sequel to this song, "Spock's Missing",  
neatly anticipated the third Star Trek  
film.

During 1980, via another name change  
Athletic Spizz 80, and an appearance  
on the "Uurgh - A music War" video,  
the debut album "Do a Runner"

appeared. Not universally acclaimed, one  
of the more enduring tracks proved to be  
the nine minute long "Airships".

The inevitable next metamorphosis into  
Spizzles, brought the single "Risk", and  
a follow-up album, "Spiky Dream Flowers",  
which covered similar sci-fi based world-  
on-the-brink territory. Spizzles' bright  
star appeared to be burning less brightly

FOR A GIRL WHO  
SPANKS A GIRL

YOU BRAINLESS  
FOOLS! DO YOU  
THINK ANY  
NUMBER OF YOU  
CAN STOP ME  
NOW??

KINKY COP

YOUNG LADY IS LOOKING FOR  
OTHER YOUNG LADIES TO  
ADMINISTER PUNISHMENT TO

WRAH!  
FURIOUS  
FASHION  
CRUELITY

whisky-drinking, piano eyes

WELL NURSE  
IT THE WORSE  
CASE OF  
BRUGIYUS  
I'VE EVER  
SEEN!

GOOD GAME. UGH.  
DOLLY DEARERS. UG.  
NOTHING FOR A  
PAIR LUVV. OMPH!

MOUNTAINS IN PAINT

at this time, though a later incarn-  
ation, "Spizz Energi 2" saw fortunes  
revived somewhat. More recently, the  
irrepressable Spizz has reverted to  
solo status, with female assistance  
from the aptly-named Astronauts,  
among others. The last quote goes to  
Spizz; "Clocks are big, machines are  
heavy!"

### FONDLING THE FACTORY GIRLS

I was brought to with a start. The  
reverberating clang of a gong announ-  
ced that Dinner was about to commence.  
I made my way hastily towards the  
great hall, failing to notice that the  
masks were now missing from their  
allocated spaces.  
There was the Colonel, large as life  
and twice as wide, standing with his  
back to the fireplace, which was send-  
ing out flickers of light across the

dimly-lit hall. Skirting the dining  
table, I hastened towards him, eager  
to greet the returned venturer. As I  
did, I was grasped violently from  
behind and roughly dragged the last few

paces to the hearth. My unknown  
assailantes, who now surrounded me,  
cast stygian glares at me, their lumin-  
escent eyes apparent behind disturbingly  
all-too familiar masks. Then as they  
brought me face to face with the figure  
I had taken to be the Colonel, a  
primordial chant began. The flames  
flickered around the hearth, creating

a hell-spawned appearance to the  
Colonel-figure silhouetted before me,  
and as the chants reached fever pitch,  
his claw like hands dug into rubbery  
flesh, pulling away a Bagshot mask to  
reveal a horribly misshapen purple-  
hued face.

I felt a blow to the back of my head,  
and as I sank into oblivion, my mind  
spun with the hideous chanting: Hail  
to Kol Gongol! Hail to the new master  
of Thropank Towers!

to be continued....  
An obsessive need to tunelessly strum guitars

I've sucked mine dry like an old bag's GASH! And that's OFFICIAL!

CYNTHIA GOBBLES YOUR PORTION

# POST

From The

# PLEBS

a gobble-behind-the-bike-shed  
for each letter printed

DON'T PATRONIZE  
ME, YOU SHIT! I'M  
GOING TO CUT YOUR  
GODDAMN BLUE  
BALLS OFF --

DO NOT spin dry

S.M.5.D Fine work Mr Willy, although a stench breathed baboon could have been wittier. Come on funny bastards out there how about a "Top Ten mouthwashes after Oral Sex" or thereabouts.

I'M ONLY HERE FOR THE EMBROIDERY.

DEAR SKATE FUCKS

I took a trip over to England lately and bought issue 8 of your so called zine. (Ha, ha) Before I bought it I looked at the cover and thought that it looked good but its true what they say "Don't judge a book by its cover". I started to look through it and by god its very very fucking tick. It cost 50p and I nearly cried after paying 50p when I could have fucked it away (I think he means stolen - S.M) It's full of shit. Who wants to know about mountain bikes and I think that the HELLBASTARD album is fucking great. 3 of my pals are going to England and there going to rip up all your zines. Everyone I showed it to say its very stupid. Now thats it.

ME  
ZOMBIES! Co-KILDARIE **OOOH? ARE THEY**

P.S I heard that you copy cartoons from other zines.  
P.P.S You seem like shitheads

S.M.5.D PISH, TISH! And another man's sack!! HELL BASTARD are the suckers of Satan's nipple. You are a Cro Mag and we have your fifty

**UNDEATABLE PRICES!**  
**CRIMPLENE TROUSERS**

TOMORROW

I will say to myself - Don't walk into that Super M wearing nothing but boots. But, I will.

I will say to myself - Don't walk into that Super M blasting, blasting my Box. But, I will.

I will say to myself - Don't walk into that Super M using carts like skateboards. But, I will.

**SPANKED UNTIL SORE**  
I will say to myself - Don't walk into that Super M and dive into fresh fish bins. But, I will.

**THUNK!**  
I will say to myself - Don't walk into that Super M putting stuff in other carts. But I will.

I will say to myself - Don't walk into that Super M and throw produce at cops. But I will.

Paul Weinman U.S.A

## THE SQUADRON OF MUTIES

"We doubt that other readers could come up with a skatefact top twenny" was last ish's quote on the Post from the Plebs. Bollicks says I. Hold on to yer gonads says I.

## SKATE FACTS TOP TEN

1. THEY ARE NOT RELATED IN ANYWAY TO GRASS-HOPPERS.
2. THEY DO NOT NEED FEEDING AFTER (OR EVEN BEFORE) MIDNIGHT.
3. WHEN SKATEBOARDS AND THE OLD BILL MEET MR OLD WILLY GETS MUCHO ANGRY BASTARDISH.
4. THEY DO NOT TASTE GOOD EVEN WHEN FRIED.
5. THEY ARE THE CREATIONS OF THE GRAND EMPEROR MING THE MERCILESS.
6. USUALLY THEY ARE BITS OF TREES.
7. THEY HAVE PERSONAL VENDETTAS AGAINST KERBS.
8. THEY ARE BLOODY HIGHLY PRICED.
9. THEY BEGIN LIFE AS FINGERBOARDS THEN GROW THROUGH FREESTYLE, STREET AND RAMP SIZE UNTIL THEY BECOME LONG BOARDS AND THEN PROMPTLY RETIRE.
10. THEY MAKE GOOD PETS AND ARE GUARANTEED NOT TO SHIT IN YOUR LOUNGE.

ADE WILLY

Stourport-on-seven-up

THEY WALK DOWN MY NOSE INTO MY MOUTH AND DOWN INTO MY STOMACH WHERE THEY RE-BRANCH THROUGHOUT HISTORY.

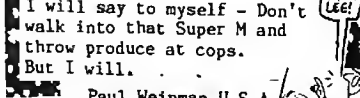
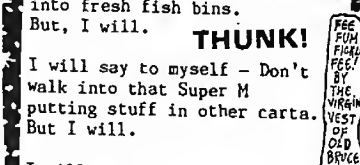
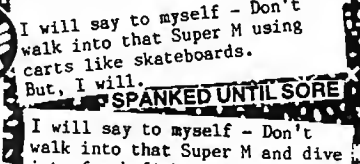
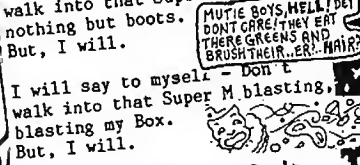
OH!! PUMP ME FOR INFO OFFICER!

SHE NEEDS 12

IT AIN'T MEANT TO BE HELD BY WIMMEN!

**INVITE THEM UP TO ENJOY THE TRIP!**

**KNEE JERK LIBERAL'S ALWAYS GIVING YA JIP..?**



An apple a day could give you more pesticides than your body can tolerate.

100% **Milk Chocolate**  
Wheatmeal  
70% Cacao



"PANTS ARE NO GOOD UNLESS THEY STICK TO  
THE WALL AFTER YOU'VE TAKEN THEM OFF"

illegal,  
bummed  
undertaker

**S.M.S.D** You will say to yourself don't  
take tons of drugs and write mongoose mad  
poems... But you did, dear god.

## HI MUTIES

**STRONGER  
SAFER  
CHEAPER**

CAN YOU HEAR A  
THE SOUND OF THE  
ENORMOUS INCONTI-  
NENCE BAG BURSTING  
IN THE DEPTHS OF HELL!

Yeah, Muties #7, shit, #8 sorry. Much japp-  
ery as usual, dug the Street Suss but a lot,  
dead funny as was the excellent "Space Hopp-  
er re-entry" cartoon, and the "It's a gig"  
Amsterdam write up, the "Top 10 Fashion  
Felony's (I don't know about your dad's  
trainers, what about those diamond socks  
yr Grandad wears, eh?) In fact a thorou-  
ghly enjoyable issue with the piece de  
resistance being (R.E.) the competition  
on winners of last issue) the line "and  
some knobhead naming himself "Skullfuck"

**MY THIGHS AROUND YOUR NECK** you won't ever forget this oral

from Aberdeen". Classic! This is what  
I've been thinking for quite some time  
what with all these stupid names coming  
out all over the place, obviously try-  
ing to be 'outrageous' (sooo shocking)  
ing to be 'outrageous'. Yeah about as  
and in some sense 'arty'. Yeah about as  
clever as "Mad Jack, NY's #1 closet  
skin" writing into MRR complaining  
about some minor thing that only his  
brain would find complaining about  
every issue or that guy who actually  
wrote into MRR aigning himself "O.I.  
I hate you!!!! Ho, ho, how I scoff  
on reading that. Skullfuck indeed

It's about as thoughtful as all those  
metallars who once they've got a record  
out, call themselves "Sven Lundgarten"  
or some such "Norseman Rip" to make  
themselves sound butch when their real  
name's something wet like "Roger Rogers"  
and all their friends take the piss  
out of it because only a dope of a  
parent with a Christian name for a  
surname would call their kid the same  
name (ie Simon Simons, or whatever).

Keep it up,  
Chria  
Avon

**S.M.S.D** Well a golden shitcake to you  
my boy! You hit the nail on de noggin.  
Smirking wimps hide behind big cock  
names! Take for instance NAPALM DEATH  
(no thanks) BOLTHROWER, AXE GRINDER,  
SKATE MUTIES... Don't you just know  
they're all homo mummie's boys who  
couldn't say boo to a sixth former!

## DEAR MUTIES I'M CHEESED OFF

I'm writing to tell you of this mint tip on  
how to make your skateboard lighter. Follow  
these points CAREFULLY...

1. Go and get your skateboard.
2. Speed across the kitchen and pop an ollie  
onto table.
3. Get screamed at by your mum.
4. Run out to the garage and nick Dad's tool  
box.

MAKE THINGS EASIER AND TAKE THINGS EASIER WITH



...DEAD CATS  
WALKING, BLACK  
AND STIFF IN THE  
ROADS BEHIND  
THE ARCADE  
PYRAMIDS,  
WHILE ABOVE...

THE WHOLE SOCCER  
TEAM HAD ME



UNTIL YOUR  
GLIB  
TONGUE  
KINDS A  
BETTER...

RAKISH  
HOMO  
SOCIAL  
TROUSERS

**Mary Mungo  
and Midge**



FIST O'IRON  
NOSE OF PUTTY!!  
MUTIE BOYS IS  
AWFUL SMUTTY!!



5. Take off trucks and risers etc.
6. Get pissed off coa the nuts are all  
ruaty and rounded.
7. Fart a well known tune backwards.
8. Got to the freezer and nick the lid off  
an ice-cream box.
9. Get whacked on the head by mum's wooden  
spoon.
10. Hide for ten minutes, then go back in  
the garage.
11. Bolt one truck on the ice-cream box lid.
12. GO SKATE.
13. Fall off and break at least two bones.
14. Blaspheame for two minutes.
15. Crawl into the nearest drain and play  
with your willy for five years.
16. Advantage - lighter board.  
Disadvantage - It don't fuckin' work.

Print this or I shall have to skate round the  
the corridors of the local nuns home in  
just my "Spiderman" underpants.

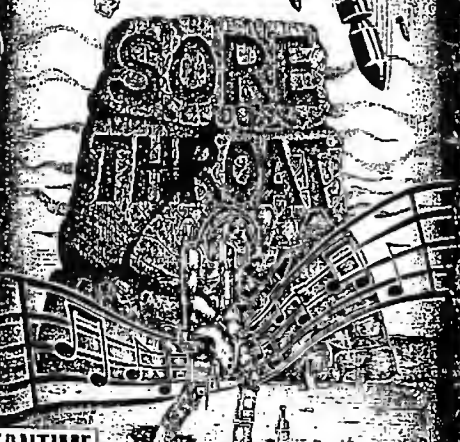
Tanks people  
Mat  
Birmingham

**BUGS AND DRUGS**  
P.S Lat ish you forgot "Nuclear powered  
wheelchairs" from your top ten transports.  
**S.M.S.D** How dare you assume all the peasants  
out there have freezers ya MIDDLE CLASS  
toe-rag! We've seen what your type can do  
to the side of the road!

**FANCY RIBBONS**

**SORE THROAT**  
"UNHINDERED BY TALENT"

INTENSE 52 TRACK DEBUT ALBUM  
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COMES UP WITH THE CHEAPIES!

ZOOM!

# Mutant Happy Shopper

UNBEATABLE PRICES!

CRIMPLENE TROUSERS ...

BACK ISSUES STICK-EM UP

COMPLETE WITH 12 MONTH BATTERY.

T SHIRTS

**SPECIAL OFFER!**

FULL RANGE OF SPARES

The chance you've been hankering after you history buffs. Issues ONE, TWO, AND THREE have been dragged screaming from the vaults and are now available in excessively limited numbers! Jump to it and discover our murky past! Issue EIGHT is still up-for-grabs but all issues are SOLD OUT!

YOUR A TRAMP, A DRUNK AND A UNFIT MOTHER!!

XXX ME!

**PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE!**

**SKATE MUTIES**

1, 2 and 3 - £1.00 EACH \*8 - 50p

**Stickers**

GRABBIT & SLIMY CREATURE FREE WITH ORDER

**PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE!**

skate muties from the 5th dimension

THESE ARE VERY NICE MADAM! Skate like bloody fuck

**SKATE MUTIES**

**SKATE FOR THE BABY JESUS!**

**PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE!**

**SKATE MUTIES 5 DIMENSION**

**SKATE OR SPIN-DRY!**

SIR! SIR! COME QUICKLY! BLATENT RIV OFFS AT 12 O'CLOCK SIGHTED!!

OOOF!

**5 D 3**  
**TERMINAL MUTATION**



NO GINGER HAIRIED FRACKS STINKIN' OF PIGS! GONNA ROUND EM ALL UP & SHOOT EM LIKE PIGS!!

Cover your flabby torso with these two famed as anything beauties on dazzling white SCREEN STARS. Black print is the order of the day for the "S.M.5.D." model and you get a DAYGLO GREEN OR PINK second colour on the "P.M.D."

"S.M.5.D." - £5.00 "P.M.D." - £6.00

**Posters**

Shock the cleaning lady with an AS size hanging of the front cover. Two colours and just 40p each.

**Badges**

SKATE, SKATE, SKATE LIKE FUCK INTO THE SIDE OF A TEN TON TRUCK

**PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE!**

**SM5D**

SKATE FOR THE BABY JESUS

**SKATE MUTIES 5 DIMENSION**

**SKATE LIKE A STICK**

ONE Get vinyl'd right up with the "TERMINAL" sticky bit! 3 inches wide and buratin with lurid colour.

TWO Rude up your deck with the "FUCK", "SQUAD", "PEDS" and "DRUNK" badge designs

as stickers.

THREE... And for the paupers amongst you, worra bout the 15 piece aticker sheet. As big-as-dis-page and shary as a pin! ONE - 60p each TWO - 60p for all four THREE - 40p

**PayMent'N'Postage!**

T-SHIRTS - FREE!... All OTHER PRODUCTS - As much as ya want for a SAE with a 22p stamp. Coins and stuff are fine... But make sure they're well taped down to prevent tempted MR POSTIE! Cheques and Postal Ordera made out to "C.WESTON" if you please.

AMAZING! SPACE SHIPS POWERED BY WALNUTS!

I'M GONNA KILL SOMETHING!

★ ONE FOR 25p ★ ALL SIX £1.25 ★

**ZAP!** The End

THIS SERVICE IS FOR BROADMINDED, SEXUALLY ACTIVE ADULTS ONLY

**-ATTENTION!-  
WE HAVE FOUND HIM!**



**YES, THE REAL ELVIS IS  
BACK AND WORKING AT  
ROLLERMANIA**

**EXCEEDS THE NEED**

HAPPENING AT . 62 PARK ROW BRISTOL BS1 5LE TEL. (0272) 279981 - TUE-SAT

# MAKE YOUR VERY OWN

Humidity-Proofed

# MUTIE MOBILE



I WOULD GLADLY SELL MY PARENTS INTO WHITE SLAVERY TO PURCHASE ONE OF THESE!!

## INSTRUCTIONS

1

SWIPE A LOAD OF COAT HANGERS OF YAH MUM + STEAL SOME WIRE CUTTERS...

2

BEND OVER THE ENDS OVER WITH A

FEARSOME PAIR OF PLIERS.. (GET AGROWN UP TO HELP FOCK THIS UP)

3

PHOTOCOPY THIS SHEET, CUT OUT, AND GLUE TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS. (THIS OF COURSE IS IMPOSSIBLE)

4

HANG YOUR CUTOUT TO WIRE WITH SOME OLD BOOT LACE OR SUMMIN' (CAREFUL THAT LACE COULD HAVE SOME LONES EYE OUT..)

5

ATTACH TO THE CEILING + THEN ENJOY!!

6

THROW IN BIN WHEN IT FALLS APART 5 SECONDS LATER



Fold carefully at the lines to make a crumpled piece of paper.

BEANO 84